

SPORT

JAN. 50¢

Curt Gowdy's College Basketball All-America
How We Blitzed The Big Red Machine / BY FRANK ROBINSON
A Revealing Look At The Bill Bradley You Never Knew
Detroit's Hard-Nosed Lions: The Making Of A Winner

Lion Linebacker MIKE LUCCI
Zeroing In On The Redskins'
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SPORT

25TH YEAR OF PUBLICATION JANUARY 1971 VOL. 51, NO. 1

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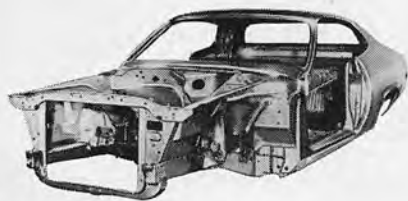
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Extra care...in engineering



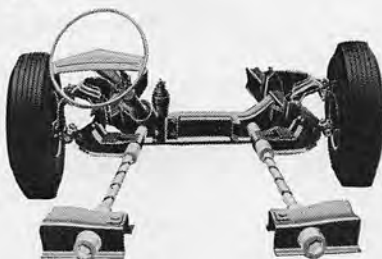
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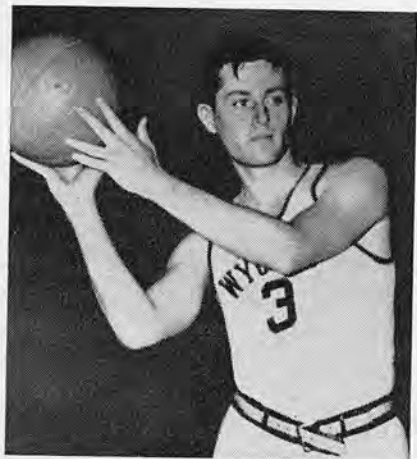
These are 9 reasons why you ought to own a Dodge, Chrysler, or Plymouth. There are more.



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JANUARY THIS MONTH IN SPORT



The man you see above led the state of Wyoming in scoring his senior year at Cheyenne High. In the process he broke a record that had stood for ten years. He went on to play varsity basketball at the University of Wyoming from 1940 through '42. He was the smallest player in the Rocky Mountain Conference, but he was one of the best. Not as good, however, as a taller teammate, Kenny Sailors. Sailors became an All-America and later played pro basketball.

Our hero would have liked a fling at the pros, too, but he injured his spine while flying for the Air Force in World War II. So, instead, he came back to Wyoming and started to broadcast high school basketball games. "It was my best sport," he says. "It was the easiest to broadcast because I knew it and loved it."

But he learned how to broadcast other sports, too, and as the years went by he made a name for himself doing major-league baseball games, then football, and basketball and just about everything else. Today he is probably the most respected sports announcer on

television—the first broadcaster to work the Super Bowl, the World Series, baseball's All-Star game and the NCAA basketball championships all in the same year; the first sports broadcaster, too, to win a coveted George Foster Peabody award. If, by now, you've guessed Curt Gowdy, pass go and move on to our Sport Quiz. We're happy to have Curt with us this month, lending his basketball expertise to our college All-America preview.

* * *

We're also happy to welcome to the family a new contributing editor, Charles N. Barnard. His column, Auto Sport (Page 6), will be a part of SPORT each month. Why a column on auto racing? Because the sport has made such impressive strides in this country. A recent Harris poll on spectator sports interest showed auto racing jumping from three to ten percent in popularity among sports fans, ranking it only behind football, baseball and basketball according to Harris.

We think Charlie Barnard is the man to write this column. The former Editor-In-Chief of True Magazine, Charlie has been following auto racing since Sebring was a six-hour race (that was in 1950; it's been a 12-hour race ever since). He's been to all the world's great race courses, from Bonneville Flats to Daytona, from Le Mans to Indy, and he's written extensively about automobiles and the people in the sport. The best of it, though, is that unlike so many so-called experts in the field, Charlie remains refreshingly detached. He refuses to immerse himself in the pretentiousness that is too often associated with a sport that doesn't need such eyewash. "I look on myself as a journalist first," Charlie says, "not a participant. You've got to stand back from the scene to be objective about it."

As proof of that philosophy, Charlie Barnard does not race cars and, like most good Americans, owns only two automobiles—a Saab, and a 1936 Oldsmobile with 37,000 miles on it.

Al Silverman

SPORT



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LETTERS TO SPORT

INVISIBLE BUTKUS

I just finished reading the article on Dick Butkus. I expected to read about Butkus. However, I read about Gary Cartwright's drive to Rensselaer, the philosophy and psychology of students in the '60s, Cartwright's conversations with other people, but not a whole lot about Dick Butkus. I hope Mr. Cartwright will be able to stay closer to the topic in the future.

Bruce Martin
Toledo, Ohio

Gary Cartwright's article on the Bears' middle linebacker made Dick Butkus sound like a teddy bear.

Bob Sheperd
Washington, D.C.

ROOKIES OF THE YEAR

I would like to commend your "rookie" writer, John Garrity, on his article "The Surprising Rookie Who May Revive The Celtics" (November). Although I am not a Celtic fan, I am glad that somebody started paying attention to Dave Cowens, who, after a great college career, is finally getting some of the recognition which seemed to have evaded him during his college career. His showing in the Maurice Stokes game showed that he could hold his own against the "big names." And his play in the NBA opening month solidified the fact. Mr. Garrity would be my choice for "rookie of the year," if I could vote for such an award.

Jed Yalof
Westport, Conn.

ATHLETES' RIGHTS

I've been buying your magazine for about a year and I am impressed with the way you have defended athletes' democratic rights in past issues. It is a good thing that someone has enough foresight about them to realize that

athletes are human and should be treated as such. Athletes have continually been denied the right of leading their own lives. Too many people look at them with a magnifying glass and try to make them into the perfect human beings.

Athletes are also treated like a commodity that can be thrown away and forgotten when no longer useful. If people like you keep defending their rights, maybe people will realize that athletes have the right to lead their own lives. I don't blame athletes for asking for an outlandish salary. Believe me, they earn it.

Bruce L. Null
Sparta, Tenn.

PURE PATERNO

It was very thoughtful of you to send me some extra copies of the story ("The Unorthodox Ways Of Joe Paterno," November SPORT). Jack Newcombe made me look good in spite of the fact that I can't coach.

Joseph V. Paterno
Penn State
University Park, Pa.

If you use a
dandruff shampoo on Tuesday,

but dandruff's back
on Thursday,



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AUTO SPORT



BY CHARLES N. BARNARD

Aerial reconnaissance experts say they can calculate how many people are in, say, a stadium, by counting one person per 1½ square feet. Great. They should fly over Indianapolis some Memorial Day and try to settle the question of how many people really turn out for the famed "500." For the last 25 years newsmen have been estimating anything from 225,000 to 400,000. Since the Speedway never announces attendance figures, the truth remains a secret between Tony Hulman, who owns the joint, and the Internal Revenue Service, which shares in the profits. Any way you look at it, it's a helluva crowd, maybe the biggest in the world to watch a single sporting event.

Attendance at Indy isn't the only mystery in trying to measure the size of auto racing. The sport is often credited with drawing the second largest paid attendance of all spectator sports, but total figures seem about as reliable as a Mexican lottery.

I talked with the Automobile Competition Committee for the U.S. (ACCUS) which is a governing body for all racing in this country. A spokesman there said, oh yes, it was true that auto racing was No. 2 in America—in fact, ACCUS received a booklet every year that said so. Where did the booklet come from?

"Some place called Triangle Publishing in Chicago. Our own figures add up to about 20 million annual attendance at races, but this booklet says 41 million."

My friend Joey Goldstein, who is in the publicity business and knows more about horses than about automobiles, told me the 41 million figure came from horseracing. "Leo Waldman puts that booklet out every year," said Joey. "He makes automobile racing No. 2 so horseracing can be No. 1—which it is, if you put the thoroughbred fans and the harness fans together—which of course you couldn't unless you wanted another Six Day War."

Leo Waldman is the advertising manager of a paper called the *Morning Telegraph* (which, I am told, is of more than passing interest to horseplayers. It is published by Triangle Publishing in Chicago). Each year Waldman assembles a set of figures which purport to be an accurate count of every American who passes through a turnstile for the purpose of being a spectator. Two hundred and forty million people did just that in 1969, says Mr. Waldman—of which almost 71 million went to see and make speculations on the horses. After that, he says, come the car racing fans at 41 million, football 38 million, baseball 37 million, basketball 27 million and all the way down to boxing which was about 2 million. We tried to find out from Mr. Waldman how he arrived at these figures, but he wouldn't talk to us. His secretary, however, told us he got his figures from ACCUS—and that he used his survey to advantage in convincing people that horseracing was the biggest sport in America and that space in the *Morning Telegraph* was, therefore, the best buy in advertising.

Meanwhile, the Sports Car Club of America (SCCA) claims about 1½ million attendance at its events in 1969. The United States Auto Club (USAC) lists something over 1 million paying customers at its 147 races in '69. The National Hot Rod Association (NHRA) counted about 5 million paid during last year. The National Association for Stock Car Racing (NASCAR) didn't have any figures handy when I called, but said, "We've got a little booklet published by the Athletic League of Chicago that says 41 million . . ."

When I asked Ray Brock at *Hot Rod*

magazine what he might know about the mystery, his research department came up with a familiar number: 41 million in 1969.

"Where," I yawned, "did *Hot Rod* happen to get that figure?"

"Something called *Turf Daily*, published in Chicago."

Confusion about the size of auto racing doesn't mean it isn't big. It may be only symptomatic of its growth. It's clear that motor racing is booming. An Associated Press survey by the Managing Editors' Association says auto racing had the sharpest rise in popularity of any sport in the decade, 1959-1969. A 1968 Harris poll said the sport's popularity had tripled in that year alone, that its following numbered many in the \$10,000-a-year income bracket and that it was notably strong with the under-30 crowd. *Barron's*, a prestigious financial paper, said last May that auto racing was the biggest sport in America with "more than 60 million paying fans—greater than football or baseball."

It is estimated that those 60 million pay, on average, \$4 each for tickets. That's about \$250,000,000. Add another \$100 million in money spent by sponsors. Add another \$150 million for tracks, advertising, salaries, travel, cars and engines, fuel and tires and all the other costs and you get a half-billion-dollar figure. Andy Granatelli of STP fame says even that may be too small.

↘New tracks are being built all the time. The new 2½-mile track at Ontario, California, cost \$28.8 million. And prize money keeps going up. Of the 40-odd drivers who compete in NASCAR's Grand National circuit, six will make more than \$100,000 each in 1970.

Over 50 leading American companies are now investing sponsorship money in racing ventures—and the tobacco companies, tossed off TV effective January 2, are only now beginning to move onto the tracks.

Automobile racing is big, make no mistake. It may not matter much whether attendance is 41 million or 60 million or whether the sport is No. 1 or No. 2—there is plenty of other evidence that fast cars and drivers can pack 'em in as well at Talledega in 1971 as fast chariots and Ben Hur did in Rome more than 2000 years ago.

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It's called the Non-Commissioned Officer Candidate Program and it's open to high school graduates.

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You will have learned how to lead men. To make decisions. To accept responsibility.

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SPORT TALK

BY BOB RUBIN

NO SWEAT

The school record for the two-mile run at the New Paltz branch of the State University of New York is 10:24. Admittedly, that's unimpressive even by high school standards. But the way 21-year-old Jim Borden set his mark has to be one of the most amazing stories in track history.

Borden, who graduated in June and is now a farmer in the small upstate New York town of Schaghticoke, was born with a severe case of a disease called Ichthyosis (from the Greek, "fish disease"). Much of his skin surface lacks sweat and oil glands, which means his body cannot easily get rid of excess heat through perspiration, as is normal. Non-strenuous activity done in cool, dry weather is no problem because Borden can disperse enough body heat through the evaporation of moisture in his breath to function normally. But with the great increase in body heat caused by vigorous exercise, participation in sports seemed impossible.

It would have been impossible for anyone except a fanatic like Borden. "I love sports, any kind of sports," he said.

Borden convinced his parents and doctor to let him try out for the wrestling team when he got to New Paltz, and he made the squad. "But then one time I passed out and my temperature went up to 106, and that convinced them that wrestling wasn't for me," he said. "It didn't convince me, though." Undaunted, Borden next decided to try out for cross-country. He coerced all the authorities into letting him try by telling New Paltz athletic director Joe Owens, "If you don't let me run, I'll tear the gym apart."

The problem was to devise some means of keeping Borden cool while he was running. One rejected idea was to have him wear a frozen T shirt that

would cover him with a layer of cold water as it thawed. Finally, Owens thought of positioning members of the track team at strategic spots along Borden's route to throw cold water on him as he passed and lower his temperature.

With the aid of the bucket brigade, Borden embarked on a remarkable track career, winning three varsity letters for cross-country and two for track, as well as setting his two-mile record.

Nothing came easy. In the fall, Borden ran the three-mile freshman cross-country course, then moved up to the varsity five-mile race. Arduous as a five-mile race is to a normal competitor, it was often tortuous to Borden. Though he was doused often by teammates and would occasionally veer off course long enough to dunk himself in a nearby stream or pond, he still usually collapsed at the finish.

In the spring, Borden ran the mile and two miles, which required three and seven dousings, respectively, by teammates. Even then it required a super effort for Borden not to collapse. "My temperature would probably get up to 103 or 104," he said. "When I'm running, I'm not only running against my opponents and the clock, I'm running against the heat. I try continually to convince myself that I'm not as hot as I think I am. I try to ignore it. Sometimes I'm like in a fog out there, and when they throw water on me it's like I come to again. But I love it."

CAMPUS QUEEN NO. 5

Nancy Dee Sahs, a 21-year-old junior majoring in merchandising at the University of Nebraska, is the fifth and final candidate in our 20th annual Campus Queen Contest. Next month we will run pictures of all five of our finalists, then you will be able to vote for your favorite.



NANCY LEE SAHS, University of Nebraska

Nancy, a shapely native of Lincoln, Nebraska, who stands 5-6½, weighs 120 pounds and measures 36-23-36, is well-known on campus. She has been a Miss University of Nebraska finalist and a Miss E-Week finalist, an Alpha Lambda Delta freshman scholastic honorary, a Phi Omicron Mu home economics honorary, a Regents Alternate, the holder of a University of Nebraska Work Grant Scholarship and, for two years, the holder of a Grace Morton Scholarship.

CURT—AND TO THE POINT

How badly would his year layoff hurt his batting eye, Curt Flood was asked. "Hitting is like sex," he replied, "you don't forget overnight."

On his last outing, Studs Merkel
wowed the gang with his own
special, triple-filtered cigarette.

Now everybody will be smoking
special, triple-filtered cigarettes.

...almost everybody



Camel Filters.
They're not for everybody.
(But then, they don't try to be.)



Wayne Mulligan hopped crazily from one foot to the other, cavorting in front of Jimmy Hart, trying to attract the attention of the young quarterback. "Harumph! Harumph!" the Cardinal center croaked in a frog-like voice. "Harumph! Harumph! Our leader is up to something."

Hart grinned at Mulligan but did not reply. He walked on toward the Cardinal clubhouse at Busch Stadium, talking in his easy, casual way to a writer. Jimmy Hart is 26 and the Cardinals' No. 1 quarterback. He looks more like 16 and a choirboy: round-cheeked and shiny-faced. The Cardinal players used to call him Peach Fuzz, and the face is still fuzzy, but now the Cardinals call him Jimmy, and that's only one small way things have changed between this team and its quarterback.

Hart heard Mulligan's laughter floating behind him as we strolled across the field. "I have this habit of clearing my throat before I call a play," Hart explained, flushing with embarrassment. "It's not very loud, only the center can hear me. But Wayne kids me about it."

He laughed, accepting Mulligan's mimicry for what it was: kidding done in fun. A year earlier, in the Cardinal clubhouse, Jimmy Hart heard words neither spoken nor accepted in fun.

"There was nothing direct," Hart remembers. "There'd be an indirect statement. You could tell by the tone of somebody's voice that what was said was..." He pauses.

"Critical?"

"Ummm. Yes. There were some guys for Charley, there were some guys for me." The face is flushed deeply now. "It was uncomfortable, a bad situation."

The younger players wanted Jimmy Hart at quarterback, the older players wanted Charley Johnson. The team, ignited by championship ambitions, seethed with arguments: We can win with Charley, we can win

with Jimmy. The team won with neither and finally stopped trying. A team that had won nine games in 1968 won only four in 1969 and near season's end Charley Johnson said loudly that either he or coach Charley Winner had to go.

Winner stayed—on a one-year contract, knowing he had to win in '70 or be gone. Johnson went to Houston in a trade and Winner made Hart his man. Near midseason the Cardinals had forged out in front in the NFC's Eastern Division and while Hart ranked only ninth among the league's passers, he was guiding an offense that had averaged 24 points a game.

One Saturday this fall I sat with Charley Winner in his small office under Busch Stadium. Winner is a small, slender, sharp-featured man who reminds you more of a lawyer than a football coach. "You gambled with Jimmy Hart once in 1967 and now you're gambling with him again," I said, more a statement than a question.

Winner stared, hard-eyed, unsmiling. "I gambled with Jimmy Hart in 1967," he said. "I am not gambling with Jimmy Hart this time. Jimmy Hart is no gamble."

Winner's 1967 gamble with Hart led to the Cardinal troubles of 1969. The Cardinals of 1966 had come close to winning the Eastern title, fading only after Johnson was hurt late in the season. The 1967 Cardinals—most of them, like Johnson, in their mid-20s—were convinced they had the blend of youth and experience that could make them the Packers of the late '60s.

A few days before the start of the 1967 season, the Army called on Johnson to serve two years. "It seemed everyone but me knew about Charley going into the Army," Hart said. "He and I were walking home from practice and he told me he'd been called up. The next day it broke in the papers. I was stunned. People

"JIMMY HART'S No Gamble"

Last year the Cardinals were split apart in a dispute over starting quarterbacks. Coach Charley Winner settled the argument by trading veteran Charley Johnson, going with the younger Hart—and staking his own job on the outcome

BY JOHN DEVANEY

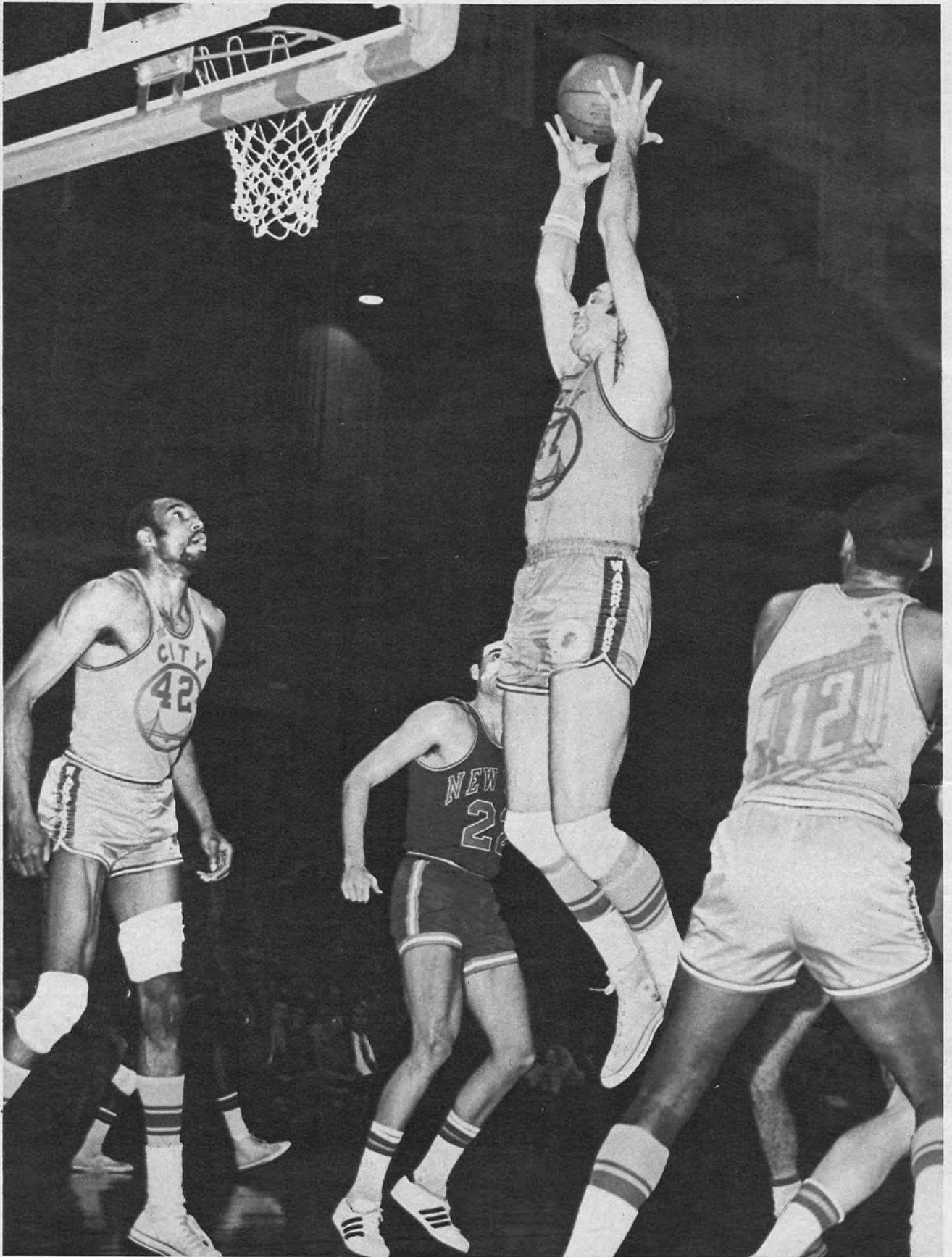
told me I was the No. 1 quarterback. I thought: You got to be kidding."

Jimmy Hart had good reason to be amazed. A year earlier every pro team had snubbed him in the college draft. The pros had selected the likes of Jim Leclair of C.W. Post, Dave Neilson of Albion, Ron Meyers of South Dakota State, Benjy Dial of East New Mexico. But not Jimmy Hart of Southern Illinois.

His college coach, Don Shroyer, once had been a Cardinal assistant. Shroyer phoned St. Louis and got someone at the right moment. The Cardinals needed a fifth quarterback at camp to throw to a multitude of receivers. Hart was signed as a free agent, then won a job as the taxi-squad quarterback.

Late in (Continued on page 60)





BY ROGER RAPOPORT

"This," said Treva Lucas, sipping a drink, "isn't like any season opener I've ever been to." The beautiful purple-pant-suited wife of Warrior star Jerry Lucas stood at midcourt in San Francisco's Cow Palace. Around her were a hundred other first-nighters suitably attired in black tie formalwear and evening gowns. Four glittering crystal chandeliers hung over sideline dining tables covered with yellow linen tablecloths, wine and tasteful floral arrangements.

In all her years as a Columbus, Ohio, high school cheerleader and the wife of a famed college and pro star, she had never seen anything like it: "San Francisco's really far out." Indeed, Warrior owner-financial angel Franklin Mieuli sees no reason why the October basketball opener should be any different than the opening of the opera season. So as fans took their seats for the first game, Mieuli and his select circle dined on \$50-a-plate roast beef with proceeds benefiting the San Francisco ballet.

The tipoff for the Warrior-Piston game came while many were sipping aperitif. Fifteen seconds later a free

throw popped in and San Francisco had its first point of the season. The crowd screeched and the announcer credited: "JEREE LOOCUS." Thirty-three seconds later Lucas made a jump shot from the top of the key; a minute later he hit again, and by the time 2 minutes and 30 seconds elapsed JEREE LOOCUS had dumped in nine points.

And that's exactly how long it took Jerry Lucas to erase fans' fears about his ability to bounce back from the worst season of his career. Besides his fine shooting, Lucas ran harder and rebounded better than anyone could remember. Jerry clearly had overcome the physical, financial, and personal problems which nearly persuaded him to quit basketball last season. Less visibly, but just as forcefully, he also had overcome the personal and financial problems that had threatened to submerge him beyond recovery.

Jerry's troubles began in the summer of 1969 after Bob Cousy took over the Cincinnati Royals and opted for smaller, faster forwards. Lucas thought about quitting for a while and finally asked to be traded to San Francisco. He joined the Warriors in late October and a month later broke his right hand in a game against the Lakers. At Christmas time Jerry was back home in Ohio signing bankruptcy papers on his insolvent "Beef 'N Shake" restaurant empire. At New Year's he began breaking into the Warrior lineup but never regained his old form. The troubles were compounded by the fact that Jerry's wife and two small children were still living in Ohio while he led a solitary off-court life in antiseptic San Francisco area motels.

The miserable season ended March 22 in Philadelphia when the Warriors lost, 132-112. That same

day Treva Lucas and the children moved into the family's new two-story home in Foster City, a suburb south of San Francisco made out of bay landfill and laced with canals. When Jerry rejoined his family he decided to change his lifestyle for a while: "For as long as I can remember I've always been busy doing something. If it wasn't basketball it was schoolwork. After I finished Ohio State and began playing pro ball I spent most of the offseason working 17 hours a day on my business venture. Now that I'd gone bankrupt and gotten out of the business I decided to take time off and do absolutely nothing. It nearly drove me crazy for the first two or three weeks. I was nervous and fidgety, it was really hell. But gradually I began enjoying myself. I took the family on trips to the ocean, redwoods and other places around the Bay Area. I played golf, watched television and just generally loafed.

This time off gave Lucas a chance to develop a plan for the forthcoming season: "I knew that one reason for the poor 1969-70 season was lack of conditioning. During the 1969 summer I'd been tied down with the business and unable to work out as much as I should have. Training camp was too easy and I played irregularly for Cincinnati (because of the new Cousy offense) which was tough on my knees."

After joining the Warriors, Jerry's game picked up: "But after I broke my hand and sat out for six weeks I was simply out of shape. To help me regain my form the Warriors started putting me in games before my hand was out of the cast. I couldn't shoot, all I could do was rebound and pass, but they figured it would help me get back in condition." By (Continued on page 71)

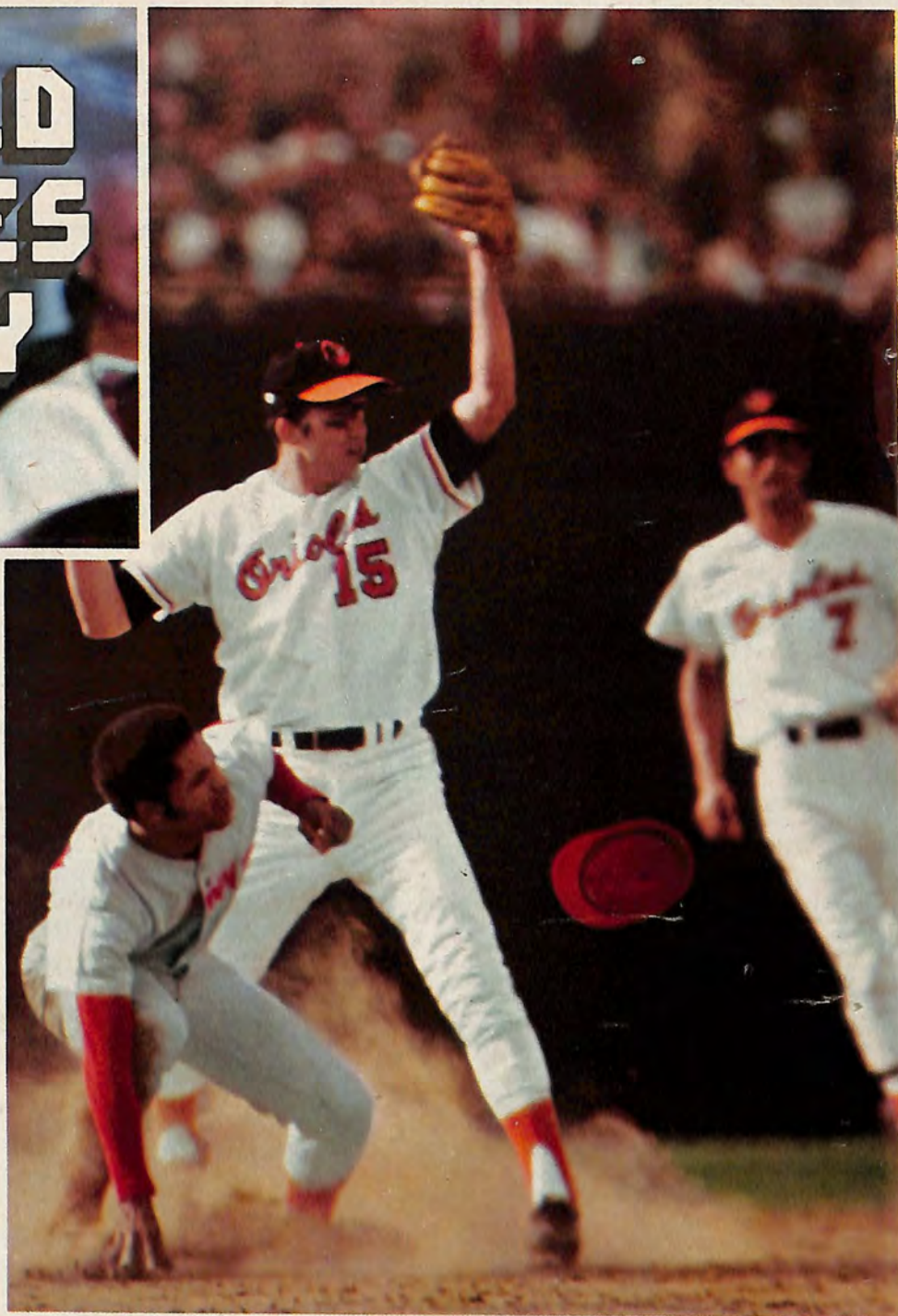
The Jerry Lucas Renaissance

He was bankrupt of money but not of his old spirit or basketball skills. "I have a new attitude," he said, and he intended to use it well

WORLD SERIES DIARY

BY FRANK ROBINSON
As Told To Al Hirshberg

The Orioles' outfielder gives a day-by-day account of what it was like to play in his fourth World Series—a Series in which... Baltimore blitzed the Big Red Machine... Frank himself had some trying moments...and the other Robinson won the car



Friday,
October 9 . . . Cincinnati

Some people seem to think I'm glad to be back here in a World Series just to show the Reds what a mistake they made in trading me to Baltimore after the 1965 season. Well, I'm glad to be back here and glad it was Cincinnati that won the National League pennant, but I'm

only out to show people the best baseball I can play. There's no revenge in my heart, no animosity, no wanting to show the Reds the way to their mistakes. In a way, it's more like coming home. After all, I played for the Reds ten years, lived here for ten years, made a flock of friends here. I have nothing but good feeling for a fine city and its people.

As for the Reds—well, this just isn't the same team or the same organization that traded me for Milt Pappas, Dick Simpson and Jack Baldschun. Bill DeWitt was the boss then. He's the man who called me "an old 30." (I wonder if he considers me "a young 35" now, because that's the way I feel.) I haven't talked to him since he made the deal. It



looked like a bad one for Cincinnati at the time, but it turned out all right. In one way or another, by trading the guys they got for me and guys they got for them, the Reds eventually came up with Bobby Tolan, Wayne Granger, Jim McGlothlin and Clay Carroll, among others. The only ballplayers with me in 1965 who are still here are Pete Rose,

Tommy Helms, Lee May and Tony Perez. They're all outstanding and all good friends of mine.

I'm not nervous or high about coming back here for the Series. Maybe it was because I was here in July for the All-Star game, and that helped me get used to the park. Of course, you can't compare the All-Star game to the pressures of the

Frank prepares to pop the cork on a bottle of champagne (upper left) minutes after the Orioles' final victory. One big factor behind the surprisingly easy Series win was the fine infield play. Second baseman Davey Johnson (No. 15, opposite page) takes the throw on a force out, and Brooks Robinson gets set to scoop up one of his easier chances of the Series. Other memorable moments (from top to bottom, above): Boog Powell's giant swing; Sparky Anderson calling for relief in the final game; Orioles mobbing one another.



In addition to his great fielding, Brooks was also the hitting star of the Series. He set a record for most total bases in a five-game Series and tied the record for most hits (9). He was greeted after his second home run (below right) by coach George Bamberger (No. 31) and author Frank Robinson. After it was all over Sparky Anderson (at left in top right photo) repeated to Brooks and TV announcer Chuck Thompson what he had been saying during the entire Series: That Brooks was the Most Valuable Player.

World Series. This is for real. But they treated me well when I was here last, and I think they'll treat me just as well now. I wasn't rooting for any National League club, but I'm glad it's Cincinnati. I'm ready.

Saturday,

October 10 . . . Cincinnati—FIRST GAME

A full house and a nice greeting from the fans when I was introduced. Oh, there were a few scattered boos here and there, but you can always expect that. Funny, this is my fourth World Series (1961 with the Reds, 1966 and 1969 with the Orioles), but it's always new, always a thrill.

This time I fooled around with the idea of wearing football cleats on the AstroTurf, which was wet, but at the last minute I decided to stick to spikes. It worked out fine.

We had Jim Palmer going for us, and all he had to do was throw about three pitches before it was obvious, even from rightfield, that the zip he showed in the playoff game just wasn't there. "Boy," I thought, "if he can just get by the first three innings, he'll be okay. I just hope they don't hurt us too badly."

But I wasn't sure he'd get by. They got a run in the first on Tolan's double and Bench's single after Tolan took third on Perez's long fly to me. I didn't have a chance to hold Tolan. Perez's ball was deep and I had to take it going away. There was an almost identical situation in the third after Tolan walked and stole second, and Perez flied to me again. That time I held Tolan on second because Perez's fly was shorter and I caught it moving forward and could wing it to third. It didn't make any difference because May's homer to left drove Tolan in ahead of him to give the Reds a 3-0 lead.

Palmer made a mistake on May—hung a curve on an 0-and-2 pitch. When you have a guy 0-and-2 you don't hang him curves. You've got three pitches to try to get him to swing at your pitch instead of his. But that was the last mistake Palmer made. After he got by the third he was much sharper, and got better as he went along—didn't give a hit after the sixth. Manager Earl Weaver took him out of there in the ninth when he walked Rose with two out and us leading, 4-3, and Richert wrapped it up for us when he made Tolan hit a soft liner to Brooksie. During the game Brooks made the first of a series of absolutely fabulous plays, and his homer put us ahead.

Me? I had problems. Went 0-for-4 with two outfield flies, a popup and a called third strike in the ninth with Carroll working for them in relief of Nolan. I kicked at that one—it was a bad pitch, low and outside. But in general I couldn't squawk. I had plenty of good pitches I should have hit and didn't.

We won the game on homers. Besides Brooks's in the seventh, Boog Powell hit one in the fourth and Ellie Hendricks in the fifth. This is the first club I've ever played for that doesn't have a hit-and-run sign. Earl likes to run the game himself, and with our hitters he doesn't have to fool around. He lets us run, but why run wild with the power we have—Baltimore has half a dozen guys who can hit the ball out.

Hendricks made a good play at the plate getting Carbo coming in from third base on Cline's chopper in the sixth. I couldn't see it well from rightfield, and I guess nobody closer saw it much better. The umpire had to block the plate to see whether the ball was coming doing fair or foul. I didn't expect Carbo to try to score,



and I guess the umpire didn't think he would either.

If we had lost, I'd have been mad at myself for not helping; but we won, so I didn't mind going 0-for-4. Beating them in their own park in the first game gives us a big advantage. All I want now is to win tomorrow with Cuellar so we can go home two up.

Sunday,

October 11 . . . Cincinnati—SECOND GAME

I got collared again—0-for-5—but the first time up McGlothlin's called third strike on me with two out in the first nearly hit the ground. It was one of the worst calls ever made on me, and I really beefed, but, as always, it didn't do any good. The nearest thing to a hit I got was a long fly off Milt Wilcox which backed Rose up against the right-centerfield fence in the fifth. As I saw the pitch come up, I decided to flick my wrist instead of using my natural swing. I do that every so often. Nearly got away with it, because just a few more feet would have put it out.

When I grounded to the shortstop in the fourth, I bruised my cheek

under the right eye and cut my lip a little diving into first base. I thought maybe I could beat the throw that way. Weaver and trainer Ralph Salvon came right out, but it wasn't anything to worry about, and it doesn't bother me.

Sparky Anderson let Don Gullett pitch to me in the ninth with two out, two on and us leading, 6-5. The kid's only 19, which means I was 16 when he was born. Somebody asked me if I think Gullett is amazing to be up here so young. I don't think that makes him amazing—it makes me amazing. I'm still here. I wonder if he'll be here when he's my age. He got me on a called third strike—my third in two games—but it was a good pitch and I had no beef. Everybody raves about Gullett's speed, but I've seen faster. We have them right now in our league, and I was hitting them all year long.

Somebody said Anderson let Gullett face me because he didn't think I could handle the kid in the twilight of my career. I have high respect for Mr. Anderson, but if he thinks I'm in the twilight of my career he's wrong. Twilight of my career! Hell, I've got some good years left. I can hit any pitcher when I'm making contact, but I had the same trouble today that I had yesterday—just not hitting pitches I should hit.

Look at this St. Christopher medal. My sister-in-law gave it to me in Los Angeles in 1964 after I had had a miserable season the year before. I needed a good luck charm, and I've been wearing it ever since. It broke today. Oh, well, it's not too bad. All it needs is a new chain.

Now I'm 0-for-9 in two games. I'd like to have done better, but I wasn't pushing or pressing to look good just because it was here in Cincinnati. Big thing is we won. Brooksie made another fabulous play, and that's the only word for him—fabulous. He stops balls that nobody else in the



business can get close to. Now he's helped us win both games here, and the Reds are really in trouble. They've got to beat us two out of three in Baltimore to stay in the Series.

Cuellar was like Palmer yesterday. I could see that before he had thrown half a dozen pitches. His money pitch is his screwball and he can be a hell of a pitcher even without it because he has such a good fastball and such pinpoint control. Only, nothing was working for him today. He couldn't get the screwball over the plate and his fastball didn't have any zip. With Palmer, I just hoped he'd go three innings because I knew he'd be strong after that. Cuellar's pattern is similar. He's either great from the start or has trouble for two or three innings, then gets hot. Well, I had hoped Palmer would get by three, and he did. Cuellar looked as if he couldn't last three, and he didn't. The Reds got to him for three runs in the first inning and Tolan hit a homer in the third to make it 4-0. Earl had to take Mike out before the third was over.

The bullpen did the job for us after the Booger hit one out in the fourth and we exploded for five runs in the fifth. Tom Phoebus, Moe Drabowski, Marcelino Lopez and Dick Hall, (Continued on page 80)





Magnuson isn't Ready for Reform

Keith Magnuson's coach would like him to cut down a bit on the rough stuff. But for the fuzzy-cheeked young policeman of the Black Hawks, the habit may die hard

BY LES BRIDGES

The practice is long over but three of the Chicago Black Hawks remain on the ice. One is Bobby Hull, another the young right wing, Cliff Koroll. The two forwards practice shooting from just inside the blue line . . . ten . . . 15 . . . 20 shots. Feeding them pucks from the right corner is a tall, red-haired defenseman. There is no glamour in his job—not even the satisfaction shared by Hull and Koroll in having their practice shots bulge the empty net.

Finally, Hull and Koroll head for the dressing room and Keith Magnuson is left alone on the ice in empty Chicago Stadium. He skates up and down the rink, turning lazy circles at center ice, feinting, stick-handling, coasting backward to guard the net—perhaps with the image of a Gordie Howe bearing down on him.

Forget the baby face for a second. There is something in the quick fluid movement, the extra-vicious slap of the stick when a shot goes wide, that suggests here is a player sharper and meaner than most.

In fact, the 23-year-old defenseman's record seems to indicate just that. Keith Magnuson made the jump from college hockey to a starter's role on the Black Hawks last year as a rookie. He was the first Black Hawk to make the team on his first try since Stan Mikita in 1959. Many observers suggest he would have been Rookie of the Year were it not for the sensa-

tional play of his teammate, goalie Tony Esposito.

Much of his first-year success, both as a player and a crowd favorite, can be summed up in something Black Hawk opponents learned quickly last season: mess with Magnuson and you have a fight on your hands. The evidence: Magnuson led the NHL in penalty minutes with 213.

Keith claims not to be proud of that record, but makes no promises of major reform either. "Intimidation is part of this game. I think it's necessary to fight. If you back off once, they'll test you again. Every rookie, especially, is a marked man. Unfortunately," he says, grinning, "once you begin picking up as many penalties as I did, referees watch you very, very closely."

His smile reveals the inevitable badge of a pro hockey player: a gaping hole from a missing front tooth. Who nailed him? John Ferguson? Derek Sanderson?

Magnuson smiles sheepishly. "I lost the tooth in college—in practice. We were working on the power play and the coach said, 'Maggie, you've got to get your shot off faster.' So I put my head down, and really let fly. This big guy caught me with his cross-check right in the teeth. Never again did I put my head down when shooting."

Though it cost him a tooth, college hockey at the University of Denver was very good to Magnuson, and he to it. For three straight years Magnuson was an All-America, and in one NCAA tournament he scored six

points in three games.

Why did he choose college instead of the typical junior league route to the pros? "I did play one year of junior league with the Saskatoon Blades. But my father wanted me very much to go to college. He's an insurance salesman in Saskatoon and never had the chance to go to college himself." When Murray Armstrong, the highly successful coach at Denver, came to recruit him, Magnuson needed little convincing. "I considered my college as part of my training for the pros. We got three hours of practice every day and played a 36-game schedule."

Being a leading scorer as a defenseman in college is one thing. But unless your name is Bobby Orr, you don't score goals that often playing defense with the pros. For Magnuson, it didn't happen at all last season until the very last playoff game; he still talks of it in loving detail.

"We were down 2-1 to Montreal when Cliff Koroll, who's my roommate, passed the puck off the boards. I shot it as hard as I could . . ." Magnuson, with a far-away look, stared now at the empty cage ". . . and I couldn't believe it when it went in. As soon as I scored, I looked over to the bench and Bobby Hull was the first guy up. Bobby and I are very close. He told me when I got back to the bench that my goal gave him a bigger kick than any of his own."

While it may bother Magnuson, the fact that he's not a goal scorer doesn't concern coach Billy Reay. "Magnuson takes a man out from in front of the net very well. He doesn't

Magnuson (No. 3) sends Boston's Wayne Cashman flying in an early-season game. In foreground is Chicago's Dan Maloney.

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BUICK MOTOR DIVISION

Opel 1900 station wagon in antique bronze. (New Opel wagon Model 39 shown at rear.)

BUICK'S FOREIGN ECONOMY CAR.

Magnuson

get caught in the slot very often. And he blocks shots very, very well. For a defenseman, he's an excellent skater."

But what about all those penalties?

Reay frowns, hesitates, then chooses his words very carefully. "In his rookie year, he was a little too prone to fight everybody. I think you've got to choose your spots. You don't help the team when you take penalties—particularly if you're being taken off by a player inferior to you. I expect him to cut down on those penalty minutes this season."

Reay leans forward and says with a touch of incredulity, "You know, I had never seen Keith play before last year's training camp. He had a sensational camp and just went ahead and won himself a place on the team. He played rugged and when you do that you're going to get penalties." A wry smile. "He sure did."

"The big test for any good rookie is his sophomore year. You're inclined to overlook mistakes the first year, but the second year you watch for them. From what I've seen so far, I believe there's no reason why Keith can't help us just as much as he did last year. And he was a tremendous help to us then."

Magnuson is well aware of Reay's feeling about taking cheap penalty minutes. Once last season, in front of the entire team, Reay dressed him down, saying, "Maggie, I don't want you to be like Reggie Fleming," referring to the feisty Buffalo Sabre and former Black Hawk.

"Last year, I took some bad penalties," Magnuson admits. "Like when there was a defenseman already in the penalty box and I would get into a brawl. That meant we only had three defensemen on the bench. Billy would shake his head disgustedly."

This year things are going to be different—well, at least, a little, Magnuson vows. "If we're way ahead and someone has been jabbing me in the guts with a stick, then I'll take care of him," he says, smashing one of his

massive hands into the palm of the other.

"There is a time for penalties, though," he says. "Sometimes a team is down. They're just not playing like they should. That's when you have to start hitting hard. That's when you get into scuffles."

Magnuson's tendency to mix it up was obvious even in practice one day this fall. After an hour and a half of sprints and shooting drills, the squad squared off in a scrimmage. Lou Angotti, a reserve center, stole the puck in front of the goal Magnuson was defending, and promptly got Magnuson's stick across his shins. Magnuson swung around with the puck in a 360-degree turn, a pretty move.

Soon after, Koroll broke in toward Esposito, with only Magnuson to stop him. Koroll deked his roommate and pushed the puck past Esposito. Esposito's obscenity echoed through the empty stadium. Magnuson was just as angry at himself and little Lou Angotti suffered the consequences. On a subsequent face-off, the puck skidded into the corner. As Angotti tried to dig it out, Magnuson moved in and hit him with a punishing shot. Reay's whistle ended the scrimmage.

Someone arrived behind the bench with a color portrait ostensibly of Magnuson. The face was lumpy and lifeless, capturing none of Magnuson's Kellogg's Corn Flakes boyishness, though the shock of red hair and the number "3" made it obviously an attempt to portray Magnuson.

"Great painting," deadpanned Stan Mikita. "Doug Jarrett, isn't it?" The artist looked at Magnuson uncertainly. Magnuson said he thought it was just great.

Reay's whistle blew again. It was time for a series of brutal wind sprints. After a few sprints, jaws began to slacken and players leaned heavily on their sticks or against the boards. Each time, Magnuson had won his heat.

Magnuson credits his conditioning

with his fine start a year ago, but also vowed that he was going to pace himself differently this year so as not to burn himself out by season's end.

Part of that pacing means not "dating himself to death." "Girls are very available," says Magnuson. "I date many different ones." He and Koroll share an apartment in the Chicago suburb of Park Ridge. "A very mod place, decorated totally in black and white. We'll stay there as long as we're with the Hawks."

Unlike many hockey players who dislike the big U.S. cities where they play, Magnuson enjoys life in Chicago. When not playing, he does promotional work for the Chicago 7-Up distributor and receives high marks from his boss. Also, with a speech-making style polished by several Dale Carnegie courses, Magnuson gives many talks to youth and civic groups.

At one recent sports luncheon Keith clapped perfunctorily during a long set of dreary introductions. Finally, he was on. First, he acknowledged two prep football players who were there for awards. ("I like to see boys who are clean cut.") Then came the talk: "An education is good to fall back on if you get hurt." "Desire and attitude are key things." "Bobby Hull is a great man." The sports banquet clichés tripped over each other. The audience, mostly business people, applauded good naturedly.

There was the inevitable question about fighting and penalties, and Magnuson repeated his new resolve to "pick my spots" in 1970-71. Coach Billy Reay, also on the dais, placed his fingers over his eyes, but the reaction was almost too pat—as though the pair planned the little act. The businessmen laughed.

Like his speeches, Magnuson's personal philosophy is firmly grounded in traditional values. He credits his college coach and his lawyer (who engineered Magnuson's tough, two-year contract with the Hawks) with shaping that philosophy. "They both stressed that anyone in sports has to have the right attitude. That means things like working out after practice, obeying your coach and your parents. Plus, you have to have desire. That's (Continued on page 57)



Make Room For Tom Who

Fans don't recognize Ram All-Pro guard Tom Mack, but the men he blocks and those he blocks for know very well who he is

BY STEVE BISHEFF

Invariably, there are dozens of kids waiting for the Los Angeles Rams to emerge from the locker room after a game. Invariably, they blitz their favorite player. "Hey, man, there's Roman Gabriel . . . Is that the Deacon? . . . Anybody seen Merlin Olsen? . . . Look at the size of that guy, will ya? It has to be Bob Brown . . ."

Invariably, Tom Mack goes unnoticed in the rush towards his better known teammates. It's strange, really, because Tom Mack is an All-Pro guard. And the story of how he became one is anything but dull. In fact, as a movie script it might have been rejected as too hokey: *The young football player struggles to make his college team as a sophomore. Then, almost overnight, he blossoms into one of the great interior linemen in the country. His team goes to the Rose Bowl, where he meets a beautiful Tournament of Roses princess. Love at first sight. Meanwhile, he's drafted No. 1 by the pro team that just happens to be in the young lady's hometown. Hero and princess get married. In a few short years he's an All-Pro and they live happily ever after.*

Corny? The funny thing is it's all true—with one hitch. No one knows the hero's name.

Tom Mack thinks he's the luckiest guy on the face of the earth. He looks around and he can't believe his good fortune. Football has given him everything he wants. Well, everything except public recognition.

Don't worry. Mack is used to anonymity, as are most offensive guards. It's getting to be a standing joke in the Rams' training room. Tom will shuffle in with that hurt, little boy look on his face. George

Menefee, the head trainer, will glance up and say, "All right, guys, make room. Here comes Tom Who."

"That all started one day when George and I wanted to play golf," explains Mack. "George called for reservations and put them in the name of Tom Mack of the Rams. The guy at the course said, 'Tom who?' And I've been stuck with that name ever since."

Mack takes it in good humor. He takes most things that way—off the football field. On the field, however, he is fierce. A 6-3, 250-pounder, he has a rare combination of size, speed and strength. He is a picture blocker. "His biggest asset," says Ray Prochaska, his line coach in Los Angeles, "is his speed. He's faster than Jerry Kramer was and a better pass blocker. Kramer might have been better playing someone nose-to-nose. But Tom's improving at that, too."

Mack comes from an athletic family. His father, who died almost two years ago, was Ray Mack, an infielder in Cleveland during the Bob Feller era. "I think it's a bit tough on a kid being the son of a major league athlete," Tom says of his boyhood in Cleveland Heights, Ohio. "A lot is expected of you athletically. My high school baseball coach thought I was better than I really was. I could hit for power, but not for average. I wasn't much of a football player, either. At 16 and 17, I hadn't filled out yet. Actually, my best high school sport was swimming. My dad was great about it, though. He never forced me into baseball. Looking back on it now, maybe it helped once I got to the University of Michigan."

For a while at Ann Arbor, Tom was competing just to stay on the traveling squad. "I didn't even letter as a sophomore," he says. "That was my only goal at the start of my junior year." Things turned out considerably better than that. Mack won a regular job at tackle, and the Wolverines captured all their games but one. A one-point loss to Purdue may have cost them the national championship, but it didn't prevent them from going to the Rose Bowl, where

they beat Oregon State, 34-7.

It was three days before that game that Tom met the former Anne Tollefson on a blind date. The football hero and Rose Parade princess went out for ice cream, talked for a while and said good night. The young lady made quite an impression. Tom and two buddies went back to California in the summer of 1965. They worked at Ford's Pico Rivera assembly plant for three months, during which time Anne and Tom saw each other almost every night. Married a year later, they are presently the parents of a year-and-a-half-old daughter, Kristan Elizabeth, with another child on the way. The good life for the Mack family now includes a comfortable home in the Los Angeles suburb of San Marino.

Mack was the second player chosen in the 1965 NFL draft. Tommy Nobis was first. Tom's selection created quite a furor in Los Angeles because the Rams passed up USC's Heisman Trophy winner Mike Garrett. They did take Garrett on the second round, but Mike eventually signed with Kansas City. Mack, meanwhile, also was chosen by Miami of the then AFL. Los Angeles or Miami? Quite a choice for a kid from the Midwest who wasn't sure he could letter in college. Tom deliberated carefully before making his decision, but the Dolphins never really had a chance. The Rams had Miss Tollefson going for them.

In George Allen's five years as coach of the Rams, only two rookies have pushed their way into the starting lineup: Running back Larry Smith and Tom Mack. "Rookies are fine," says Allen. "But when it comes to winning championships, I'll take my chances with veterans." Why the two exceptions? "Well," explains the coach, "both Tom and Larry are extremely intelligent."

Yet Tom might still be trying to win a regular job had it not been for an injury to regular guard Don Chuy. Three games into his rookie year, Mack was told he would start against the Detroit Lions. The man opposite him would be Roger Brown, a 300-pound All-Pro.

Prochaska, Allen's top aide, was

asked beforehand if the rookie was up to the task. "I'll tell you this about Tom," he said. "He'll either block Brown or he'll fist fight him . . . He's that determined to do a good job."

"The first time I dove at Brown I hit him too high and it was just like hitting a solid wall," Mack recalls with a laugh. "I didn't budge him an inch. I was amazed. I'd always considered myself pretty strong. At Michigan, I went into every game confident I could move my man. But Brown was something different. He looked even bigger than 300 pounds and he was quick as a cat. The first thing I knew he slapped my helmet so hard it almost took my head off."

It sounds awful. But the truth of the matter is that Roger got to Gabriel only once all afternoon, and that was after the Ram quarterback had already unloaded the ball.

Mack has been at left guard for the Rams ever since. The honors soon began accumulating. He was named to his first Pro Bowl squad in 1968 and has been a member ever since. The following year he was second team All-NFL. Last fall he moved up to the first team, and was picked on several combined AFL-NFL all-star squads, including one chosen by the players. "Let's face it," says Tom, "it's a thrill anytime you hear you've been picked on an all-star team. It leaves you with a strange feeling. After all, we're all really in the entertainment business. And we'd be kidding ourselves if we said we didn't like the recognition."

"When you're an offensive lineman, you can never get too cocky, though. Especially on this team. The stars like Gabriel, Jones and Olsen get most of the newspaper space. Frustrating? Sure it is. You can have a great game and never read a word about it the next day. But you learn to live with it."

No one has to feel sorry for Tom, despite his lack of public acclaim. His future looks good. Very good. A professional who's never missed a game with an injury, Mack, at 27, has a chance to be one of the great players of the '70s.

Tom Who may wind up making a name for himself yet. ■

College basketball addicts who crave points may suffer from withdrawal symptoms now that Maravich, Mount and Murphy have moved up to the pros. Those who select All-America teams will miss the prolific trio, too. After all, M, M & M—each of whom was worth at least 30 points a game from his sophomore debut on—formed a nice nucleus for all-star selectors and made life easy for three straight years.

Now comes 1970-71, and the prognosticators have to *think* again. But not too hard.

While the three M's poured in points with unparalleled consistency, this season's SPORT All-America team is blessed with talented men who rebound, assist, block shots and scoop up loose balls as well as score. In fact, if we were to choose five players to form a perfect *team* (instead of just the five top players in the country) we would still come up with the same five men.

Center Artis Gilmore of Jacksonville is a natural pivotman at 7-2 and 240 pounds. Though he has yet to reach his staggering potential, he is already a strong scorer, rebounder and defender. Austin Carr of Notre Dame and John Roche of South Carolina complement each other ideally at the guard positions. Carr is a sensational shooter and Roche is an excellent playmaker who's still capable of getting 20 points. The forwards, too, make a perfect tandem. Sidney Wicks of UCLA is the rugged, all-round type—an eager 6-8 man who burrows underneath the basket to block shots and rebound. He also rises to the challenge of guarding the opponents' best man. George McGinnis of Indiana is only a sophomore but he's the game's next superstar—a 6-7½ sharpshooter who is so agile he could play in the backcourt.

In the estimation of college coaches and pro scouts we spoke to, Carr, Gilmore and Wicks top this year's All-America list—in that order. Ironically, unlike McGinnis and the departed three M's, none of these seniors was a sophomore flash. Carr was struck by injuries his first varsity season, limiting him to 16

games (though he averaged 22.1 points a game); Gilmore spent his sophomore year in junior college and Wicks was merely a front-line reserve for UCLA's 1969 national champions. But last season, all three came into their own. This season, they should dominate the game.

Carr, in fact, may take a swipe at those fabulous records Pete Maravich established. Playing a much tougher schedule than Pistol Pete, the 6-3 Carr last year averaged 38.1 ppg (compared to Maravich's record 44.5). And Austin proved to be a much more accurate shooter, hitting 55.6 percent from the floor and 82.5 from the foul line. During one eight-day stretch, Carr scored 110 points in games against UCLA, Kentucky and South Carolina—the three highest ranked teams in the nation at the time. Later in the year, in the NCAA regionals, he played a double pivot against Ohio U. and scored a tournament record 61 points. The next night, against Kentucky again, he played outside and scored 52. His coach, Johnny Dee, told me, "Curt, you're seeing the greatest player in the history of the game." Coaches tend to go overboard, but I'll say this: Austin is as complete a player as I've ever seen.

Carr has collected some prominent support from two of the best coaches in the game. After Austin made 14 straight baskets and played a full overtime game without causing a turnover against South Carolina, Frank McGuire proclaimed, "We attempted every defense imaginable and we still could not stop Carr. I'm convinced he is as good as any player I've ever seen." And Adolph Rupp elevated Carr into a class with Oscar Robertson as the finest "one-on-one" player he's watched.

This season Notre Dame has bravely scheduled eight opponents who played in 1970 tournaments, plus some good Big Ten teams. Thus Carr will be matching skills with such All-America prospects as Roche, Wicks, McGinnis, Villanova's Porter, Butler's Billy Shepherd, Kentucky's Mike Casey, and Kansas' Dave Robisch. But Irish coach Johnny Dee is certainly not

Curt Gowdy's COLLEGE BASKETBALL ALL-AMERICA

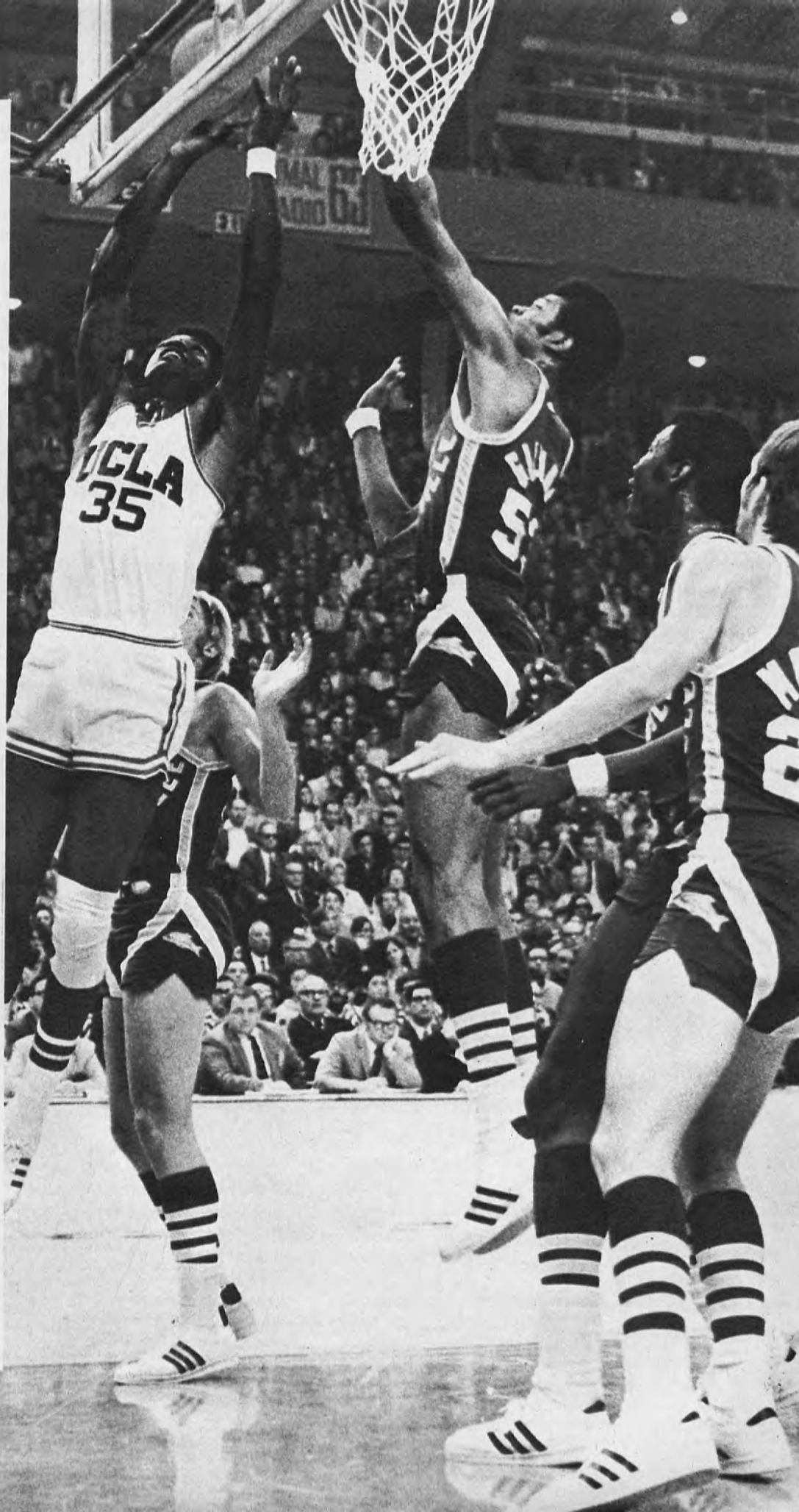
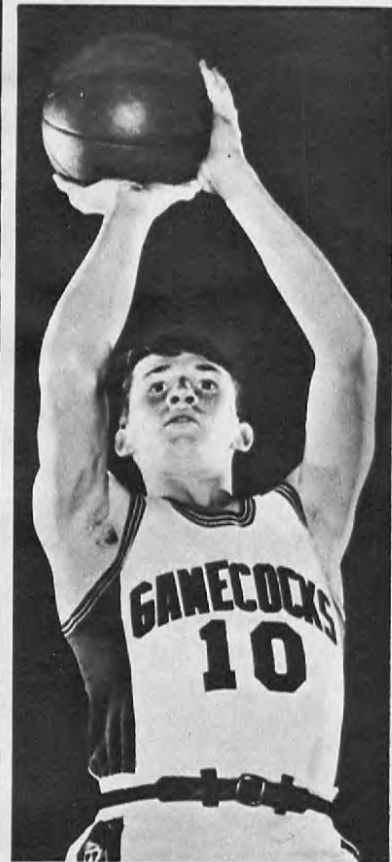
worried about Carr's performances. "It's just impossible for any other player to possess more talent than Austin," he says.

Towering Artis Gilmore had little opportunity to display his skills in tough competition before the NCAA tournament last season. In fact, his credentials (a 26.5 scoring average, No. 1 in the nation in rebounding) were suspect. His best efforts came against such "powers" as Mercer U. (32 rebounds), Harvard (16 blocked shots) and Richmond (38 points) to say nothing of his conquests of the University of Hawaii and the Virgin Islands.

But all along Gilmore became more polished in every phase of the game. Then in the NCAA tourney, even though Jacksonville lost in the finals to UCLA, Artis scored 132 points in five games and made the all-star team.

Gilmore has developed a keen shooting eye (58 percent on field goal attempts last season), but his true value is on defense where he intimidates the opposition *a la* Bill Russell. His former Jacksonville coach, Joe Williams, says, "Artis, like Russell, is able not only to block shots but to intercept them. This gives him an edge over the other great centers. It also means that the rest of your team can play a risky game of defense; an opponent who

Two members of the 1970-71 All-America team battled in the NCAA title game last season—Sidney Wicks (No. 35) of UCLA and Artis Gilmore of Jacksonville. The other three are (top to bottom) Austin Carr of Notre Dame, John Roche of South Carolina and Indiana's George McGinnis.



gets away still has to face Gilmore."

Jacksonville's publicity department made the claim that Gilmore, unofficially, led the nation in blocked shots and interceptions. It's a hard claim to substantiate, but the fact is Gilmore did block about seven or eight shots a game.

Williams has left Jacksonville to return to Furman, his alma mater, but he remains Gilmore's No. 1 booster. "Artis has all the physical assets to be great," he says. "He can almost touch the basket without jumping, he has a grip like a vise, and last year he could run the length of the court as fast as any of our players. Along with all that, he wants

badly to improve." Williams concluded by saying that the once shy athlete from rural Chipley, Florida, gradually developed self-confidence during the course of the season. "No matter what the situation, he had the knack of doing better the second time around," said Williams, adding slyly, "By the way, he has relived that UCLA game over and over again."

The person who did the most to shoot down Jacksonville's meteoric rise in 1970 was Sidney Wicks. A product of those tough, big-city playground leagues, Wicks spent a year in junior college before transferring to UCLA. As a Bruin sophomore, he

played behind Lynn Shackelford and Curtis Rowe—when he did play. In the 1969 NCAA tournament he was used sparingly, scoring only three points in the final two games.

But coach John Wooden apparently knew what he was doing. In the 1970 tourney, Sidney (he does not like to be called Sid) averaged over 21 points in four games and was named the MVP in the championship series. "There's not a player in the country I would trade for him," says Wooden. "He has as much physical ability as any forward I've seen."

Wicks' specialty is defense. He stunned Jacksonville by slipping behind the 7-2 Gilmore and blocking five of his shots. He also outbounded Gilmore, 18-16. And he can score when he has to. His average last year was 18.6 and his clutch jump shot at the buzzer beat Princeton in the Bruin Classic.

John Roche's value to South Carolina last season was shown more in the one game he did not play. The Atlantic Coast Conference's Player of the Year for the second time, Roche injured his ankle against North Carolina State in the ACC's postseason playoff series and South Carolina's season (25-2 going into the contest) came to an abrupt end.

With Roche in the lineup the past two years, the Gamecocks won 46 and lost only ten. This season should be his best, since he will guide a team of four returning starters and super-soph Kevin Joyce. Frank McGuire calls his captain, "the closest thing to Jerry West playing college ball today." Other coaches marvel at Roche's leadership on the court. "With Roche, you don't need a coach," says Michigan's John Orr. "He dies to win," says Duke assistant Chuck Noe.

What Roche does best is . . . well, is everything. He's accurate from both the floor and foul line, averaging more than 20 points a game in his first two varsity seasons. Interestingly enough, Roche's best scoring bursts have been in tight games—38 in a two-point victory over North Carolina State and 34 in a loss to Davidson.

1970-71 ALL-AMERICA BASKETBALL TEAM

FIRST TEAM	Height	Year	1969-70 Scoring Ave.
Sidney Wicks , UCLA	6-8	Sr.	18.6
George McGinnis , Indiana	6-7½	So.	—
Artis Gilmore , Jacksonville	7-2	Sr.	26.2
Austin Carr , Notre Dame	6-3	Sr.	38.1
John Roche , South Carolina	6-3	Sr.	22.3
SECOND TEAM			
Julie Erving , Massachusetts	6-6	Jr.	25.7
Howard Porter , Villanova	6-8	Sr.	22.2
Jim McDaniels , Western Ky.	7-0	Sr.	28.6
Mike Newlin , Utah	6-4	Sr.	26.0
Paul Westphal , Southern Cal	6-4	Jr.	14.5
THIRD TEAM			
Cliff Meely , Colorado	6-8	Sr.	20.9
Marv Roberts , Utah State	6-8	Sr.	22.4
Rich Yunkus , Georgia Tech	6-9½	Sr.	30.1
Billy Shepherd , Butler	5-10	Jr.	27.6
Henry Bibby , UCLA	6-1	Jr.	15.6

HONORABLE MENTION: Mike Casey, Tom Parker, Kentucky; Ken Durrett, LaSalle; Dave Robisch, Kansas; Dean Meminger, Marquette; Willie Sojourner, Weber State; John Mengelt, Auburn; Steve Hawes, Washington; Stan Love, Oregon; Dana Lewis, Tulsa; Gene Phillips, SMU; Randy Denton, Duke; Willie Humes, Idaho State; Elmo Smith, Travis Grant, Kentucky State; Willie Long, New Mexico; Tom Riker, Tom Owens, South Carolina; Jim Cleamons, Ohio State; Dwight Davis, Houston; Bob Kissane, Holy Cross; Jim O'Brien, Boston College; Ken Davis, Georgetown (Kentucky); Corky Calhoun, Pennsylvania.

Year of the Sophomore

According to our national survey, there are at least 15 sophomores who could be in the running for All-America honors. Along with George McGinnis, they are:

James Brown. Dartmouth's superb 6-1 guard from New York City averaged 28.7 points for the freshman team. Brown toured Europe last summer with the U.S. Olympic development team and officials were unanimous in their desire to have him lead their '72 team.

Ed Ratleff of Long Beach State, a rising basketball power, was the most prolific freshman scorer in the country last season with a 39.7 average, including 65 points in his final game. Before going west, Ratleff led his Columbus, Ohio, high school team to 62 straight victories. L.B. State wants to make the 6-6 swingman a guard but may be swayed by his 25 a game rebound average as a frosh.

Jim Chones of Marquette had as many as 5000 fans lining up two hours early for freshman games. Coach Al McGuire says the 6-10 center "has more ability than anyone I've been associated with." Unlike most of McGuire's good recruits, Chones is from nearby Racine, Wisconsin, instead of the streets of New York.

Jim Brewer is the best big man in memory to enroll at Minnesota. A sturdy 6-8 shooter-rebounder, he ranks second only to McGinnis among the Big Ten's super sophs and he's a much better defender. He is an import from Maywood, Illinois, where he led his high school team to the state title.

Brian Taylor of Princeton is a definite All-America basketball prospect (last year his brother Bruce was a football All-America at Boston U.). Only 6-2, Brian is a proven scorer, having averaged 38 points for his Perth Amboy, New Jersey, high school team and 28.6 for the Tiger yearlings.

Jim O'Brien is the first top product to roll off coach Lefty Driesell's assembly line at Maryland. The Terrapins' master recruiter, George Raveling, says the Falls Church, Virginia, native will be All-Atlantic Coast Conference before long and a pro prospect. O'Brien, who at 6-8 is agile enough to play guard, averaged 30.1 points and 18 rebounds for the freshmen.

Tom Payne wasn't eligible to play for Kentucky's frosh last season, so he competed for a redhot AAU team called Jerry's Lunch. Scotty Baesler, a former Kentucky star who coached Payne's amateur team, called him, "the

greatest clutch player I ever saw and he's only 19." A towering seven-footer from Louisville, Payne specializes in getting the ball away on fastbreaks and playing defense. But he's a 20-point scorer, too.

Mel Davis is a rarity among New York schoolboy stars: he's staying home to play his college ball. The benefactor is St. John's, for whom the 6-7 forward averaged 25.7 points and 17 rebounds as a freshman. Some people say Davis will be in the running for metropolitan player-of-the-year honors this season.

John Neumann is the best all-round prospect Mississippi has ever had. A 6-6½ swingman, the former Memphis high school All-America averaged 38.4 for the Ole Miss frosh. A pro scout told his college coach, Bob Jarvis, that the only difference between Neumann and McGinnis is the latter's extraordinary strength.

Kevin Joyce may not get his full due at South Carolina this season because the Gamecocks return four starters, including three who have already earned all-conference mention. But the versatile 6-3 guard-forward, who averaged 25.3 points and 15 rebounds with the frosh, should get a starting job. He's from New York.

Nick Weatherspoon is a Canton, Ohio, high school All-America who jumped the border to play for Illinois. The Illini couldn't be happier to have the 6-6 standout. The school is building a powerhouse and Weatherspoon is the key.

Ron King was player of the year in Kentucky before enrolling at Florida State. The 6-4 Louisville native averaged 35.7 points for the Seminole freshman team.

Ernie Digregorio is the latest in the long line of great playmakers at Providence, succeeding Len Wilkens, Vinnie Ernst, Johnny Egan, Jimmy Walker. A hometown boy, the 6-0 guard was called "the greatest passer I ever saw" by one major college recruiter. But Digregorio gets his points, too—last season he averaged 27.9 for the freshmen.

Henry Wilmore is considered the best prospect at Michigan since Cazzie Russell. In fact, he plays the same way—a 6-4 swingman who can move under the basket to get his points. Because of his lack of height, he was first tried at guard. But he averaged 32 points and 14 points after being shifted to forward. He's a New Yorker by way of Rockwood (Massachusetts) Academy, where he averaged 39 points.

While SPORT usually does not list sophomores on its All-America teams, Indiana's George McGinnis is an exception. At the World University Games in Turin, Italy, last summer, the teenager went up against the finest international amateurs and wound up leading the tourney in scoring, rebounds and assists. "He was clearly the best player

there—no question about it," says Bob Davies, the Georgetown (Kentucky) College coach who handled the U.S. squad.

Many of the coaches we contacted said that McGinnis will become a superstar—and soon. His own coach, Lou Watson, has been watching Indiana players since 1946 and admits that George is without a

doubt the finest prospect.

At Indianapolis Washington High School, McGinnis erased many of Oscar Robertson's city and state records. McGinnis led his team to the state championship by averaging 37 points in the four showdown games. He won the Hoosier state's coveted "Mr. Basketball" title by a landslide and (*Continued on page 82*)

WES PARKER: "A TIGER IN DISGUISE"

For six years the Dodger first baseman was known not only for his great fielding, but his poor hitting and lack of fire as well. No more. This past year, a welcome new aggressiveness helped to make him a feared batter

BY BILL LIBBY



Memo to Maxwell Maltz: Wes Parker loves you.

Maxwell Maltz wrote a book called *Psycho-Cybernetics*, a sort of Norman Vincent Peale positive-think approach that Parker thinks helped him this past season.

Something certainly changed Parker's career dramatically. A .251 lifetime hitter in six seasons as the Dodgers' first baseman, Parker had always earned his keep with his glove. His fielding remained as slick as ever in 1970, but he amazed the National League with a .319 batting average and 111 runs batted in. He was the first switch-hitter in the majors to drive in over 100 runs since Mickey Mantle did it in 1964, the first National Leaguer to do it in 35 years. And he did it with only ten home runs. In 20 years no one has driven in so many runs with so few homers.

Everyone was amazed except Parker. "I always knew I was a good hitter, even if no one else did," he said. "Oh, hell yes. I hit tremendous in high school, in college, in the minors. It was just a matter of putting my talent into play. I know players don't usually change. Three years up top and everyone knows what kind of player a fellow is. I agree. Definitely. That's why I'm so proud I'm one of the exceptions. I know how much it took to do it. And it wasn't luck, one big year. I've done it two years in a row, getting better and better. (His .278 average in 1969 was 39 points better than his 1968 mark.) I expect to do even better next year."

Maxwell Maltz is one reason why. "A couple of winters back, a stockbroker friend persuaded me to attend a seminar on the subject of *Psycho-Cybernetics*," Wes explained, only

slightly embarrassed. "I was impressed, bought the book and now regard it as a bible. Put simply, it is the science of driving negative thinking from our minds. We are our own worst enemies. The old Wes Parker would have gone into a game against a Bob Gibson knowing he could not get a hit, so he wouldn't. The new Wes Parker believes he can hit anyone, and does."

Two other less esoteric reasons also helped. One was the batting advice of Dixie Walker, who helped Parker become more consistent with his lefthanded hitting. The second was Parker himself. He became far more dedicated to baseball. "I'm no swinger," he said, "but I do enjoy quiet dates. I cut my dates from around three to one a week. I put myself in a sort of pleasant concentration camp, living every day only for every game."



in life, but I love baseball best. I do find, however, that it is easier to love as a .300 hitter than as a .250 hitter."

Parker is a gentlemanly type who holds season tickets to classical concerts at the Los Angeles Music Center, maintains a plush apartment in swank Century City, reads books you wouldn't expect a jock to read and is a tournament bridge player ("I just wish he was as aggressive on the ballfield as he is at the card table," Dodger manager Walt Alston once observed). Not surprisingly, when he came to spring training last year with that new primitive Pepper Martin-like dedication and desire, hardly anyone noticed. He startled reporters by announcing his engagement, then smiled and added, "Not to a girl, but to baseball. I am going to be married to this game for the next seven months."

The marriage was most fruitful. Parker began to regularly experience what it was like to be a big man with the bat. Early in the season he hit for the cycle in New York against the then champion Mets. He had already smashed a homer, double and single when he came up for his last at-bat and drilled the ball over the center-fielder's head.

"I was aware I needed a triple to complete the cycle," he admitted later. "It is something I've always wanted to do, especially since a couple of years ago I just missed in a game against Cincinnati. I had a single, double and triple and the last time up I hit a ball to the rightfield fence, but Lee May caught it a foot short of going out. This time, I was not going to stop running until I reached third and had what I needed."

In a game at Pittsburgh, the Dodgers trailed 3-2 in the ninth inning with two on and two out and Parker at bat with two strikes. Parker ripped a double to tie the score, then scored the winning run himself on another hit. "Clutch hitter," shouted Parker's good friend Maury Wills, who noted Wes' new batting prowess when he gave him a picture of himself inscribed to "a tiger in disguise."

The tiger was born November 13, 1939, in Chicago. His family settled in Southern California, where the

elder Parker made a great deal of money manufacturing kitchen cabinets. Wes was raised in exclusive Brentwood, and went to Harvard High School, Claremont College and USC. He was an excellent all-round athlete, but pro scouts passed on him. Using a direct approach taught to him by his exposure to his father's big business, he called up Charley Dressen, who was then working for the Dodgers, and asked for a contract. The price was right; Wes requested no bonus. The Dodgers took a chance, assigning him to Santa Barbara in the California League. Late in the season, he was promoted to Albuquerque. The next season, he was in the majors.

Gifted with the glove—"the most graceful athlete I've ever seen," says Alston—Parker has never made as many as ten errors in any season and made only two one year. He tied a major-league record for first baseman by fielding .997 in 1965, and should win the Sporting News' "Golden Glove" award for fielding for the fourth straight year after this past season. Now that his offense matches his defense, Parker would seem to have the best of all possible worlds. The only possible dark cloud is the fact that slugger Richie Allen, obtained from the Cardinals right after the season, is also a first baseman. Trade rumors have already begun swirling around Parker's head, and he most definitely wouldn't like to leave the Dodgers.

"In the Dodger organization, we have a family feeling unlike any other in baseball," Wes said. "I may even love the Dodgers more than I love baseball. Traded from them, I might retire. I prefer to feel I now have made myself indispensable to them, as a hitter as well as a fielder. I welcome Allen's power. I'm prepared to play outfield if necessary. I have many times, and very well. I can handle the glove anywhere. Now I can also handle the bat. I feel I have become one of the very solid hitters in the major leagues."

"But not quite another Henry Aaron," the writer said with a smile.

"I outhit Aaron this season," Parker said, smiling right back. ■

Turning 31, Parker is in his prime. "He has," says Dodger president Peter O'Malley, "matured as a person and as an athlete." And in the process, he destroyed an old rap against him—lack of desire. "All my life it's been said I wasn't hungry enough to star, but it's a lie," said Parker. "Scouts passed on me because my desire was suspect, but I made a place for myself. The Dodgers had no investment in me. My teammates doubted my concentration. Writers used to predict I'd retire to a life of ease any day. The truth is, my dad sold his business and I have nothing to turn to. I'd like to become a broadcaster someday. I've some investments in stocks and real estate, but out of money I've made myself. I've busted my guts to prove myself and I'm proud I have. I love nice things. I like to live good. Who doesn't? I have other interests

The Head May Bobble, But the Thinking's Clear



Two things distinguish Texas' Steve

Worster: his odd style of running and his concern for the big world outside football

BY MICKEY HERSKOWITZ

When fall football practice began in Austin this year, Texas coach Darrell Royal stepped back and inspected Steve Worster. Worster's hair swept across his forehead in a full, luxuriant wave, concealed the tips of his ears, curled down the back of his neck and challenged his collar. Compared to some of the styles you see on campuses today he was neatly barbered, but it was not exactly the hair style prescribed for a Texas football player, much less one who was an All-America fullback like Worster.

Carefully, Royal touched a sideburn at the point where the hair met the bend of Worster's jaw. "Why don't you do something about that," the coach suggested.

The next day Worster (as in booster) returned with a lot more face showing. It was, he conceded, little enough to suffer for his art. "Coach doesn't make any rules about it," he said. "He just leaves it up to us. He knows the styles are longer. He's even wearing his hair longer."

The times they are a'changing at our citadels of higher learning. In today's market being a college football player is not nearly as easy as it

used to be. You must weigh with care your position on Vietnam, civil rights, pollution, law and order and nude plays. Steve Worster does not march in the streets, but he is sensitive to the pressures of a troubled society. He has campaigned for Paul Eggers, a Republican candidate for governor, who is liberal by Texas standards, meaning that he does not consider Social Security a Communist plot.

Worster would blush and shudder and crack his knuckles if anyone offered him as a spokesman for college football, 1970. But by the end of the season he figured to be an important name, slightly larger than life if Texas happened to win another national title, and his views will count. It is a little like being elected Miss America. The questions are part of the coronation. So Steve Worster, fullback, earnest student, good old southern boy, tries hard to understand what is happening in that complicated world outside the locker room. "I think athletes should get involved," he says, "on the campus and outside it. At Texas we had a sort of hippie guy get elected president of the student body, and a lot of people complained later. But it was our fault. Our apathy elected him.

"It's hard sometimes to make yourself feel like a student. Your campus life is on the football field. While everybody else is out having a rah-rah time, we're out there butting heads. The last year or so, we've really been catching cain. Maybe it does sound like a copout, but you have to make a choice. With classes and practice and all the meetings, you don't have time to get involved with causes. You accept authority, you accept the discipline, or you wouldn't be out there knocking yourself out. I'd kind of like to groove along with everybody else. I don't want to be the stereotyped football player. You find yourself always fighting a certain attitude. I was in a class with two other football players, and a coed came up to me and she was just thrilled. 'Oh, boy, I didn't realize this class was so easy,' she said. I said, 'What do you mean?'

She said, 'Aren't you football players?' I said, 'Yeah.' And she said, 'Well, this has to be an easy grade-point course then, hasn't it?'"

Worster is soft-spoken, intense and sincere. He is what football heroes used to be in a more romantic age, before stock options and pensions and deferred payments. A national television audience saw the 6-2, 208-pound back do his number against Notre Dame in last year's Cotton Bowl, slashing for 155 yards on 20 carries as Texas confirmed its No. 1 rating with a 21-17 victory. But in the third quarter the Longhorns trailed, 10-7, and an ex-Texas ballplayer, invited to sit on the bench, was beside himself with concern. He was also beside Worster, whose attention was riveted to a Texas defense wrestling with the larger, more muscular Irish. When he pleaded with Worster to *do something*, Steve replied coldly, "I am doing everything I possibly can."

Which is considerable. Through the Longhorns' first six games this season—all victories—Worster averaged over five yards per carry and scored ten touchdowns to give him 32 in his career, a school record. In Texas' 41-9 victory over Oklahoma, he gained 81 yards on 17 rushes, which isn't spectacular—unless you were there watching. Oklahoma's defense was stacked against him, so every yard was gained in heavy traffic. And the emotions surrounding the intense rivalry between the two schools had the Sooners popping hard, but Worster showed his toughness, durability and cool by ignoring the hits and holding onto the ball.

After the game, a visiting writer told Royal, "I thought Worster was fantastic."

Replied Royal: "So did I, but that's not unusual. Steve always plays that way."

He plays football with an intensity that's striking. "It takes an all-out effort for me to do something well," Worster explains. "I don't feel I'm blessed with any great ability, so I have to put forth extra effort. It kinda scares me because it's so easy to let up. Sometimes you let up and don't even know it."

Worster hasn't let up yet. He runs with the subtlety of a safe falling from an 18th floor window, yet he also manages to run under control. "When you talk about Steve's power," says Royal, "people get the wrong idea. He has the power, all right. But he also has the ability to cut, and to pick the soft spots. He has wonderful eyes. He has a good, wide base under him. He doesn't tippy-toe around. When he runs, all the cleats in that shoe are on the ground."

Still, Royal was unsettled by his first glimpse of Worster as a freshman. "My first thought," recalls Royal, "was that he runs too high. I thought, 'Oh, gosh, not another one of those straight-up runners.' But pretty soon I noticed people bouncing off him, and I decided that what Steve needed was a whole lot of being left alone. He's not one of those gliding runners. Now Jim Bertlesen, he's a glider. You could put a cup of water on his head and not spill a drop. But Steve is kind of jerky. Not uncoordinated, just jerky. His head moves all the time, like one of those bobble-head dolls."

Bertlesen and the other halfback, Billy Dale, help Steve load the wagon. There is glory for all of them in the Texas Wishbone-T, running the triple option and following waves of blockers. "Sometimes there are so many people around you, you can't fall down if you wanted to," Steve says.

Worster hasn't amassed the awesome statistics of a Steve Owens or an O.J. Simpson, simply because he doesn't carry the ball nearly as often. He averages around 15 rushes per game. Talent at Texas appears as plentiful as the prize cattle that roam the LBJ ranch, down the road a piece. Worster doesn't walk alone.

Worster's sheer statistics were considerably more impressive in high school. Living in Bridge City, a small oil and lumber town one mile from the Louisiana line, Steve gained nearly 6000 yards, scored 79 touchdowns and became a Texas high school legend. As a senior, he was the subject of the most intensive manhunt the state had seen since

Clyde Barrow was hiding out in the Piney Woods.

Worster learned quickly that notoriety can be a double-edged blade. As a freshman at Texas, he was required by the varsity one night at the team's training table to read the entire story of his recruitment, which appeared under his own byline in a regional football magazine.

He got to the point that said, "More than 80 colleges contacted me . . ."

"Whew," somebody said. "Tremendous," somebody else said. Then everybody got up and applauded.

When he reached the part where he told of signing with Texas, Steve flushed and continued reading: "... I hope I made the right choice."

"You wh-a-a-t?" somebody yelled. The room echoed with boos, and then good-natured applause. "Imagine, having to do something like that," remembers freshman coach Bill Ellington. "But Steve took it real well. And he was accepted right away."

Also that freshman year, a question existed about which of three positions Worster would play—tailback, fullback or right half. Royal was reminded of the story of the man who kept a 400-pound gorilla as a household pet. "But where does he sleep?" a friend asked. "Any damned place he wants to sleep," replied the owner.

Said Royal: "Worster will play wherever he wants to play."

Worster's preference was fullback, which happily agreed with Royal's vision of him.

Like any normal, male Texas child, Worster was introduced to football in the third grade. He has been running hard ever since. The pros like his goods and may draft him early, but he refuses to think about it. "I'm a pessimist. I hate to be disappointed."

There is indeed a grey side to his disposition, and he goes to considerable length not to overrate himself. "I don't have blazing speed. I'm not fancy. All I do is head north."

He does a lot of thinking about the Meaning of Life. He was touched deeply and permanently by the mis-

fortune and courage of Fred Steinkamp, the little Texas safety who lost a leg to cancer late last season. "It makes you wonder," says Worster. "Here was a guy who was just *the* All-American boy. He didn't smoke, didn't drink, didn't curse, didn't go out with wild women. A perfect example of what everybody wants his son to be. You ask yourself why. When there's so much dirt in the world, why should such a thing like that happen to a guy like Freddie?"

That tells you a little about the inner Worster. So does the fact that Steve Worster, WASP, who until this year never played on an integrated team, selects Jim Brown as the pro he most admired. "I'm not much of a hero worshipper," he says. "But Brown was just fantastic. I wish I could be half the football player he was."

Worster trains as he plays—with passion. To prepare for his senior year, Worster and teammate Jay Cormier worked eight hours a day in the broiling Texas sun, chopping down trees for a construction project. To keep in shape, they would run behind the truck that carried the workers a mile or so into the field. Steve reported this fall at a hardened 208, down from last season's high of 215.

The Longhorns carried a 20-game winning streak into the 1970 schedule, not to mention the national championship. The streak began on the fourth week of the 1968 season with a 26-20 victory over Oklahoma. That day, sophomore Steve Worster scored twice, climaxing a dramatic, game-winning, 85-yard drive by barreling off tackle for the last seven.

What Worster remembers about that game, and that finish, is the fact that he misread the goal line. In the excitement of the moment, he thought the Longhorns were farther out than the seven-yard line, and for all he knew the stripe he dove across was the ten. Then the Texas cannon roared in his face, he saw the referee's arms in the air, and he heard the crowd get hysterical. Steve Worster soaked it all in.

And he hasn't misread the goal line since. ■

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Writer Phil Berger, a former associate editor of SPORT, spent the 1969-70 season with the New York Knickerbockers. He studied them as individuals and as a team while they thundered toward New York's first National Basketball Association championship in 24 years of trying. The result of Berger's observations is Miracle on 33rd Street, a book that does for basketball what Jim Bouton's Ball Four did for baseball. For the first time, the lives of professional basketball players and their relationships with each other are portrayed as they really are: the closeness, the laughs and the competition—and the headaches, the boredom and inevitable personality clashes that occur when 12 players and a coach have to live and work together so intimately for such an extended period of time.*

A happy by-product of Miracle on 33rd Street are some memorable personality profiles on individual Knicks. One of the best is the picture that emerges of the previously hard-to-know Bill Bradley—banker's son, Princetonian, Rhodes Scholar and pro basketball player. We pick up Berger's narrative as he summarizes Bradley's pro career entering the 1969-70 season.

The image of Bill Bradley had suffered only slightly in the transition from amateur athlete-scholar to working stiff. As a Princeton undergraduate, the image of Bradley was that of the disciplined achiever whose moral and spiritual underpinnings were solid, which was, it can be said, a fairly accurate representation of him.

Regimenting mightily, he became the best college basketball player in the nation and an accomplished thinker, the combination of which earned him a Rhodes scholarship and the regard of America. The image that accompanied all this brought Bradley some 50 letters a day, many of the sort that wind up in the mail pouch of Dear Abigail and forced him to hire, at age 19, a part-time secretary.

Bradley's image had tarnished only after he returned from his two

years at Oxford and chose to play professional basketball for a four-year contract of an estimated half-million dollars. In part, public regard for Bradley declined because he elected to make his wages in a game rather than in more anointed precincts and, to a greater degree, because he did the unthinkable and failed to succeed right away in the game's commercial version. Bradley did not make it as a pro until one of New York's forwards, Cazzie Russell, broke his ankle in the middle of the 1968-69 season and forced coach William (Red) Holzman to switch

Breda Kolff, once remarked, "I think Bradley's happiest whenever he can deny himself pleasure." Bradley's training started in mid-July when he returned to New York from Washington, where he had served as a volunteer in the Office of the Director of Poverty. Afternoons in the city, he ran in old cuffed suit pants and a tee shirt along Riverside Drive, pausing at 96th Street for calisthenics, then resuming the run on its downtown leg. Sometimes, at the insistence of schoolyard players around 74th Street, he would stop to shoot baskets on the macadam courts for

The Many Bill Bradleys

SPORT BOOK BONUS

BY PHIL BERGER

Bradley from guard to forward, a change that allowed him to move unencumbered by the ball to vacant areas on the floor from where he could launch a remarkably quick and accurate one-hander, against larger but less nimble frontline opposition. Free of handling the ball against quick-footed backcourtmen, his entire game improved, reaching an artistic peak in the playoffs, where he both scored and defended in a professional manner.

Modest success did not diminish in Bradley a spartan streak about which his college coach, Bill van

their pleasures. Evenings he spent with a basketball at places like the Downtown Athletic Club or the 92nd Street YMHA.

Twice a week he took an afternoon Penn Central coach to Philadelphia and then taxied to ghetto neighborhoods where street-corner walls were spray-painted with names like *Mighty Zulu Nation* and *Peanut and Crow* and *Little Duke* and where the games of the Charles Baker League were played.

Bradley said, "It was a casual kind of organized basketball. In some places, there was no ventilation, it



got over a hundred degrees. Your basketball shoes became so wet you were running in puddles of water. I'd take the 11:40 from Philadelphia back to New York and get in about 1:30."

There was no pay for Baker League play, but there were profits in it for Bradley. Even though he was more efficient in the corners of the floor, he worked out of the backcourt for the Bates B-Bar team, to acquire the dribble as another means of transport to the open shot, his specialty. "I wasn't confident with the ball, that I could control it," he said. "I needed the work."

Bradley's self-discipline was not confined to the basketball court, the game being only part of a pro's life. There are also draggy days and nights on the road in antiseptic hotels and motels, and interminable waits between games. Many players sleep or sit around to pass time. Not Bradley.

"Some of the best games, I've had no sleep, five appointments, worked in an office all day, walked around the city too much," he said. "Depending on where you are, there is always time to do something enjoyable and/or productive and, at times, that which is productive is enjoyable. Obviously you can't read economic theory on a plane or write poetry in first class. You become self-conscious, there are a lot of people looking. But you can read novels or reports, or when you're alone, you can do other stuff that requires more time and thought."

Bradley's literary tastes were diverse; a trip's reading might include *The Iceman Cometh* (O'Neill), *God Bless You, Mr. Rosewater* (Vonnegut), *Exile and Kingdom* (Camus), an anthology of poetry, periodicals, newspapers. Writing was what he called one of the "intensities that are constantly in flux (in my life)."

"I've written," he said. "Not much fiction, mostly essay stuff. I try to record feelings, try to express things clearly. Most of the fiction is autobiographical. It deals with some of

the things that happened in my life, impressions of moments that are very strong. Sometimes sport, or social or family things. My stories are fairly naturalistic, sometimes too sentimental. I'll finish one, put it down and say, 'What is this?' I end up putting them away, filing them."

Bradley's teammates thought he should have also put his wardrobe away. In a league of sartorial sharpies, his tackiness stood out.

Bradley's dress was infamous among Knicks. On a team that

around tellin' everybody about it, and, uh, different guys just went to whisperin' about it. They didn't really want to say anything, 'cause Bill he's a real good guy, y'know. And no one really wanted to talk up and say, 'Man, what are you doing with that hole in your sock?' So I walked up to him and I said, 'Man, you gotta do something about your socks.' That's all. He didn't think anybody had noticed it, y'know. So he say, 'You better, you better keep quiet about that.' So I said, 'Man, you know I wouldn't tell anybody.'"



Much of Bradley seems hidden. Teammates know only that he is not the same man on the court that he is in streetclothes.

fancied matching underwear of exotic cloths, Bradley sometimes wore a Knick tee shirt. When a shabby raincoat of his was deemed unfit, it mysteriously disappeared. And so it went. "Like during the exhibition season, he walked around the airport with a big hole in his sock," said Nate Bowman. "Every time he walked this big hole would come up. I mean anybody could see that big hole. I saw it and so I started sneakin'

Though he might look like a vagrant to teammates, fans had no trouble recognizing Bradley on the street, something he'd had to deal with since his undergraduate days at Princeton. It was only while at Oxford that he was able to enjoy that treasured thing called anonymity.

"In London," recalled Bradley, "I remember walking up streets subconsciously expecting, 'psssst, psssst,' and nobody was saying it at all. And I began to realize what freedom was and that I was now part of the right perspective on life. You

now are about serious things and not the victim of the superficial and plastic kind of treatment which the press often bestows on an athlete. Then I'm back (in the States) and put back into the glass cage and it doesn't bother me, because I have a fuller sense of self. I just do what I want to do.

"I still go out of my way for smaller kids. I do it because I can remember how I was, and because I feel sports is a legitimate activity for them. When you get to be adults, you wonder whether they admire sports or the celebrity aspect. If they admire the celebrity aspect, then it's not too good. Then you ask yourself if there's something heroic about you. If so, then maybe the admiration is good. The immediate question is: is there something heroic?"

To the Knicks, it wasn't a question of heroics. He was different—different in background, tastes and interests. Bradley was well aware of the gap, and strove—at times consciously—for a rapport with his teammates.

Bradley's approach to team communion was as much personal as pragmatic. When teammates called him "Bradley," he reminded them of his Christian name. On previewing a magazine story about the team he asked the writer if he would mind changing "Frazier" to "Clyde" in a quote attributed to him. To an author whose researches required multiple interviews, Bradley politely suggested he give the rookie, John Warren, attention.

The paradox of Bradley was that his own emotional restraint limited the intimacy that he could attain with others; when he tried to authenticate himself for teammates in excursions that some Knicks affectionately referred to as "binges," he often came off wooden or vague.

REED: Bradley tells Hosket, says, "Be a man, be a man, pull my shirt pocket off."

Q: What?

REED: Says, "Be a man, be a man, pull my shirt pocket off." Hosket

grabs his shirt and tries to pull his pocket off, and ripped the whole shirt, y'know, like the shirt came right across and made a big L.

Q: What did Bradley want him to rip off his pocket for?

REED: I don't know. You know how Bradley is . . . he's so funny.

Q: What prompted him to do that?

REED: I don't know, you know how Dollar . . . he's . . . he do those kind of things sometimes.

What perplexed the others about Bradley in those moments was the contrast to the reserved bearing he more regularly had. It was as if a satanic impulse sought to expel forbidden energies and then lie quiet again in him. The game that Bradley termed "sensuous" gave him a sanctioned outlet for wild blood; basketball's structure was not so forbidding as to disallow the demonic, and so on courts a perturbed Bradley shouted MOVE THE DAMN BALL and worse or, when miffed by a referee's decision, wandered downcourt like a sulky child in that particular stiff-legged walk of his, muttering side-of-the-mouth words he would not have dared use in his scholarly dissertations.

PHIL JACKSON: I think he's strange.

Q: How so?

JACKSON: I really like him, I think he's a really a nice . . . but he doesn't let himself ever really go.

Q: You mean in basketball?

JACKSON: No, I think he enjoys basketball, especially when he's winning. Bradley is the kind of guy, you sit down to talk to him and you ask him a question and he asks you why you ask the question, instead of answering it, instead of just being himself. But he's calculating and I think that's just about the way he is except when he gets on the basketball court. He runs with reckless abandon, you see that, don't you? He's a very reckless basketball player, his passes and everything. He's a completely different type.

Q: Can you expand on that?

JACKSON: You run into guys like that and . . . they just drive me nuts,

man. You've met scholars like that, that want to give that platonic kind of crap, and I get tired of it after a while, so I rarely discuss anything with him anymore. Because it's not going to be honest, it's not going to be personal, it's not going to be a feeling that we both feel. But I don't blame him. Maybe he's trying to protect himself, maybe he's trying to drill himself in something, I don't know. Maybe he's got an ulterior motive. But for my own sake . . .

Q: What about the rhetorical tricks of his you mentioned?

JACKSON: He'll usually come back at you with the same rhetorical kind of . . . "Well, why do you think I don't open up?" Listen, I used to throw things at him that are ridiculous. Ask him ridiculous questions like, "Do you believe in the birth-control pill?" Just something to see if he's really listening to me and he would answer back the same thing.

Bill is a nice guy. But you don't know if he really likes you or not, he's that kind of guy. I mean I like people to come up and say, "You know, you're a good guy, I like you." Not to reassure me. I like to do that to people because I think it's just human to do it. But with Bill you don't know whether he likes you or not. For example, they had a testimonial in my hometown in Williston, North Dakota, and they said, "Can you get Bill Bradley?" I asked him and he said, "Well . . . yeah . . . maybe I'll do it." And so I said to the guy putting on the deal, "You approach him, I don't want to ask." So he approached him and Bill did it for nothing. They just flew him out. He's made . . . he must have made about two talks in all. He doesn't ever give any talks except to colleges, and I didn't know whether he did it for me, or whether he did it because he wanted to see North Dakota. It was just funny and I still don't know. I thanked him. I said it's a nice gesture.

Q: What about the . . .

JACKSON: I have to tell you about this. He was running around with reckless abandon on the floor recently, running into people, knocking people (Continued on page 66)

Roy Jefferson: BURSTING OUT OF THE MOLD

There is one obvious question about Roy Jefferson and I have just asked it as the Pittsburgh Steelers pile into chartered buses to drive to practice. Lionel Taylor, the receiver coach, has been asked to explain the trade that sent consensus All-Pro receiver Roy Jefferson to the Baltimore Colts for Willie Richardson and a fourth-round draft choice. (Richardson had then been dealt a short while later to the Miami Dolphins for a '71 draft choice, reportedly another fourth-rounder.)

"Jefferson for two fourth-round draft choices?" I ask. "It just doesn't make sense."

Taylor grins and shakes his head. "These rookies we got starting are good," he allows, "very good. But there is only one Jefferson."

Later I ask the Steeler veteran tackle John Brown about the trade. "Damn," he says. "I was looking at the Colts the other night and I thought, damn, here we are at Pittsburgh with two of the best potential quarterbacks this league has ever seen. And Jeff is over there at 26 with two guys who were the greatest, but they are gone, gone, man. It's a damn shame."

In the Steeler dressing room there is a collective sense that the Jefferson trade is irrational yet sensible, an act of absurdity yet inevitable.

Steeler Vice President Dan Rooney, who made the trade, sits in his new Three Rivers Stadium office, surrounded by the gleam of polished steel furniture and shiny new black leather upholstery. "Roy was an outspoken guy but I can't say he caused us any trouble. Roy wants to be in the limelight. He wanted to be the Steeler Superstar.

As a youngster the Colt receiver was considered "quiet" and even shy. No more. "Roy won't bend," says a close friend. "Roy will bark and he'll bite if he has to"

BY TOM DOWLING



And two years ago Roy was *the* Steeler. He had that big year in '68, gained over a thousand yards catching. Last year, a great year, and he wanted that passing title very badly. Come the last day of the season he's in a three-way tie for the lead with Charley Taylor and Dan Abramowicz. And Roy goes out and has a terrible day. He had a lot of excuses—the preparation going into the game, the quarterback throwing to him, but the truth was he missed a couple of passes early in the game so they went away from Roy and threw to Jon Henderson, who caught some great passes. That hurt. Roy wanted to be No. 1. And the truth is that if Roy had stayed with the Steelers he wouldn't be No. 1. Terry Bradshaw and Joe Greene were going to get more publicity than Roy. We talked about it and Roy was not happy with the lack of attention he was getting in the press. In that sense maybe he was happy to get traded.

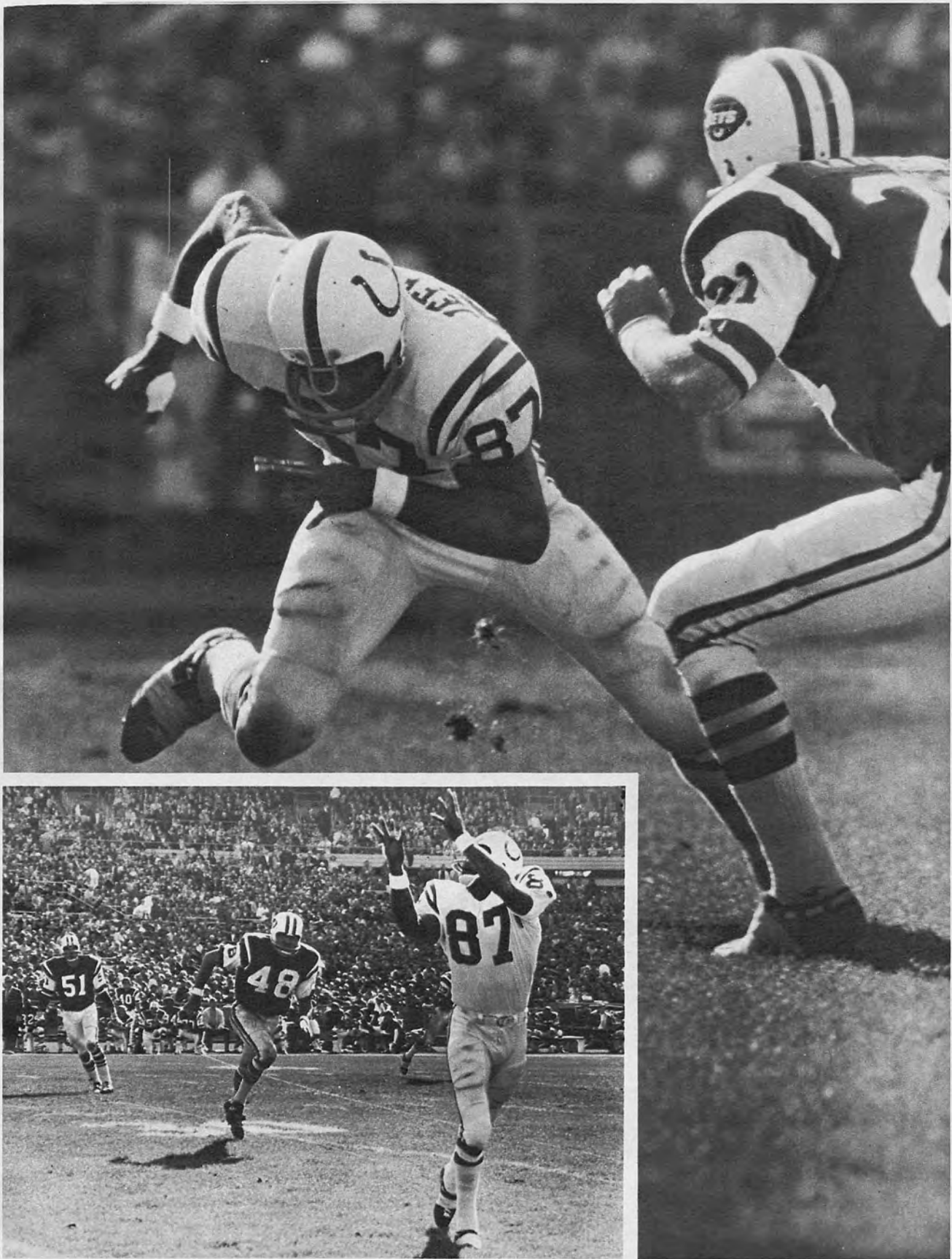
"Did his being the Steeler Player Rep have anything to do with it?"

"No," Rooney said, "but the Player Rep's job was a thorough thing for Roy. Maybe he was trying to do too good a job. When the strike came he got very incensed with management, with the press. This was a national issue, but Roy put it down as his own little war."

I ask Rooney if having a forceful, vocal player like Jefferson around on a young, malleable team like the Steelers might have made the young ballplayers more militant than management cared for.

"Definitely it would have led to a confused state," he says. "Not a black-white thing, but it would have created differences. I think a lot of our young black ballplayers would have objected to Roy's more unjustifiable gripes. And that's where the confusion would have come in, because some of the blacks would have agreed with him. No question about it. Roy had fire, people followed him, he felt strongly and you can't say he

Jefferson applied his moves and speed against the Jets early in 1970 (right). "When he comes off that line," says an ex-teammate, "he's slithering like a snake ... just running in 17 different directions."





Jefferson runs as well with the ball as he catches it. In 1968 and 1969 he gained over 1000 yards on pass receptions.

was a troublemaker, but the truth is we don't have a black-white thing on this club now. Coach Noll is a fair man. The organization is fair. But with Roy around things would have become confused. Uncertain. Chaotic. We don't need it. But I don't think Roy is bitter about the trade."

"How about the settlement of the player strike?"

"No, I don't think so. Roy's a person who can see reason."

"Sheee," says Roy Jefferson, flaked out on his king-sized double

bed in a San Diego motel. The Fu Manchu moustache he sported at Pittsburgh has been shaven. A bushy set of mutton-chops sweep across his cheeks. His eyes are hot with rage. "Screw your buddy. That's the American Way of Life. Make that buck, baby. I don't have anything against it, if that's the way they want to play it. The world is like goddam football. It's a dirty business. Not the game itself—that's beautiful. But the front-office crap, the bargaining, the screwing management gives the ballplayer day in and day out. And now they got the fans against us too. Well, that's the kind of society we're living in. You get brainwashed by the news media.

I used to watch the football games on TV when I was a kid and stand up at attention when they played the Star Spangled Banner. That's how brainwashed I was."

He springs from the bed and begins to attack his hair with a black-handled Afro-comb. After ten minutes of ferocious preening he climbs out of his black jump-suit and white ruffled shirt, changes into another shirt and a pair of purple bell-bottoms, and hurls himself back on the bed, the bitterness momentarily overcome by this display of vanity and restless energy.

The Colts have come to San Diego for a four-day stay to play the Chargers in their season opener.



John Mackey, the President of the Professional Football Players' Association, has just left the room he was sharing with Jefferson.

Mackey and Jefferson had played all out to win the strike and now Mackey was second-string tight end on the Colts and Jefferson had been traded. Elsewhere certain ballplayers were wondering why the Green Bay Packers were casting about for more centers when they already had a fine one in Ken Bowman, Vice President of the Players' Association.

You might say that this was a pattern that raised some questions, and even if the answers were not as pat as they seemed, the questions still lingered. I asked Jefferson why the

Steelers had traded him.

He glared at me briefly, a look of almost savage contempt passing over his handsome face. "I'm an individual, baby. I'm not afraid to speak out. Unless you travel along the same lines society does, you're ostracized. Unless you're big enough. Like Howard Hughes. Hell, if I had his kind of money I'd go out and buy me up the desert too, and tell everybody to flake off. Now if I was just Roy Jefferson, the steel-mill worker, I might think I better be nice to people, cool it, watch what I do. But I'm a hell of a football player and that gives me a little bit more freedom, because football pays the guy who can do the job."

"But they traded you, nonetheless."

"That's right," he said, smiling to himself, as if to recount a parable. "Management and coaches go with the guys who may have a little less talent, but who never make mistakes on the field or off. That might be the situation with me. They might have felt the team would be more efficient, have more unity if they got rid of me. And the Steelers won four straight exhibition games after they got rid of me. Possibly I was the thing that made them lose."

"Do you believe that?"

"Hell, no. They never tried to win with me. They never threw me the ball when (Continued on page 76)

Wherever you turn, it seems, there is something for the taking: Wolf, wolverine, bearded seals—and more caribou than you can count

BY JERRY KRAMER

February 15, 1970

KOTZEBUE, ALASKA

I went out last night to celebrate taking my first polar bear, and I really had some celebration. I ran into a fellow who's stationed at the radar base near here, and we started talking about sports and about the Green Bay Packers, and the next thing I knew, he'd challenged me to a tequila-drinking contest. Well, we went through three-fifths of tequila

between us, and with each shot I drank, my polar bear grew a little bit bigger. By the end of the evening, that bear had stretched out to world-record size. He was as big as my head felt this morning.

Obviously, I was in no mood, or shape, to go hunting, so I just kind of took it easy today. In the afternoon, my Alaskan guide, Denny Thompson; Bill Simms, who works with Denny; Kelly O'Brien, a hunter from Chicago, and I flew up to a little lake about ten miles out of Kotzebue to visit a 66-year-old Eskimo named John Nielsen. John has 12 children and lives in a small cabin on the edge of the lake. His wife makes his clothes, he shoots all his own meat and he puts out gill nets for his sea food. I'm sure John hasn't had much education, but he's very well-spoken and a lively storyteller. He laughs easily and often, and even though he lives in what many people would consider poverty, he seems thoroughly to enjoy life.

John had his dog sled outside his cabin, and the dogs were good, clean, healthy-looking animals. "I don't like snowmobiles," he told us. "I can de-

Hunting the Alaskan Smorgasbord



pend on my dogs. They don't break down on me. They don't run out of gas. They don't need oil or spark-plugs or anything else."

His cabin was filled with furs—otter, lynx, white fox, red fox, wolverine, seal—and in the back room, his wife was sewing a pair of mukluks by hand and using a pair of pliers to bend the sealskin—an eighth to a quarter of an inch thick—into shape.

"How come your wife doesn't just chew the sealskin into shape?" I asked John, kidding.

"She used to," he said seriously, "but she doesn't have her teeth any more."

Denny distributed a sackful of candy bars to John's kids and gave John a bottle of vodka, and John cracked open the bottle and offered us all a drink. The last thing in the world I wanted after the night before was vodka, but John was being such a good host, I couldn't make the old

man drink alone and so I had him pour some into my coffee.

We intended to stay only an hour or so, but John kept saying, "Just one more drink," and I kept accepting politely, and after three or four just-one-mores, John and I were warm enough for him to take me outside for my first ride in a dog sled. I felt like "Kramer of the North," something out of all the Yukon movies I'd ever seen. Then John showed me how he pulled his gill nets and took in a load of sheefish, a rugged and tasty fresh-water fish, and gave us a few.

We stayed about five hours, and I really was reluctant to leave. I kind of envy old John the pure, clean life he leads.

February 16

The wind blew up today, and the visibility was so bad we couldn't try any hunting. We played cribbage instead—Bill Simms ruined the image I had of myself as the greatest cribbage player in the world—then listened to the radio broadcast of the Joe Frazier-Jimmy Ellis heavyweight championship fight.

The people up around Kotzebue wouldn't know a football from a volleyball, but they're tremendous fight fans. Art Fields, an Eskimo guide who's friendly with Denny, told me he reads just two magazines a month—*Ring* and *Boxing*. He knows the names and records of every up-and-coming young fighter.

Art's an incredibly sturdy, self-sufficient guy. Last winter, someone told me, Art cracked up his plane in the middle of the woods, walked out 100 miles in three days in freezing weather, then went back in with another fellow and a bunch of rope and literally tied his plane together and flew it out.

Vince Lombardi would have loved Art.

February 17

I went out today to get me a caribou with a bow and arrow. I'd never

shot anything larger with a bow than a whitetail deer, but I know people who've taken polar bear and brown bear and grizzly and moose and elk, so I figured I'd have no trouble getting a caribou. In size, he's about halfway between a deer and an elk. I'd never actually seen one before today, except in pictures.

There's no limit on caribou up here. The problem is that they're increasing so rapidly that, even without a limit, hunters aren't killing off even half the yearly increase. Eventually, if the crop isn't cultivated, thousands of caribou will starve to death. From the air we must have seen in the neighborhood of 5000 caribou roaming in big herds.

And the great bow-and-arrow hunter from Wisconsin didn't get even one.

On the ground, every time the caribou did come close to us, they got a whiff of us and took off. Finally, I began taking bazooka shots. I just let the arrow fly at about a 45-degree angle toward the middle of the herd—and prayed. By luck, and the law of averages, I hit one caribou that way. At least I thought one of my arrows hit him.

But no caribou fell, or even staggered, as far as I could see. So after the herd bounded away, I walked over to look for my arrow where I thought I'd hit the caribou. I found a bloody arrow. Apparently, it had gone completely through the animal and come out the other side.

We started following the blood trail, and after about a quarter of a mile, we spotted the wounded caribou on the side of a hill. All of a sudden, he lay down. If we'd gone straight up the hill toward him, the caribou would have spotted us and probably run away, so, instead, Denny and I walked around to the other side of the hill and started climbing toward the top. From the top, I could shoot down at the caribou before he could see me.

We were in the most desolate God-forsaken country I've ever seen, a totally frozen wasteland, all ice, no trees, just a little bit of moss on everything and the wind blowing constantly. (Continued on page 78)

Outside an Eskimo's cabin, our author-hunter took his first dog sled ride. "I felt like 'Kramer of the North,'" he says, "something out of the Yukon movies . . ."



SPORT SPECIAL

A closeup study of the brain trust, the talent and the new attitudes that are making the Detroit Lions a prime contender

THE COMING TOGETHER OF A PRO FOOTBALL TEAM

BY BERRY STAINBACK

After the Lions had come from behind to beat the Bears for their third successive victory in as many 1970 games, right linebacker Wayne Walker ran off the field at Tiger Stadium doing a very nice imitation of a man preparing to do the minuet. He was holding his right index finger in the sky, yelling, "We're No. 1!" and revealing, behind a broad smile, teeth which are surprisingly all original issues after 12-plus years under the silver-and-blue helmet. "That's the first time I've been able to do that since 1954 at Boise High School!"

The Lions last won a title in 1957, a year before Walker joined the club, and they have been serious contenders only once since then, in 1962. They had losing records five of the next six seasons, with 1965 and '66 under coach Harry Gilmer being particularly memorable. "We didn't care if we played football," Alex Karras said of the '66 esprit, "or cards." Then Joe Schmidt, who had retired after the '65 season and been an assistant coach one year, took over in 1967

and began rebuilding the team. Thirty-two of the 43 veterans who went to Schmidt's first training camp are no longer with the club.


"I was looking at that team picture a few days ago," Joe Schmidt says after an October practice, "and I had to laugh seeing all those guys who are gone. About two-thirds of the team. But I think we've made surprisingly good progress in that short a time."

The Lions won only four games in '68 but the progress had begun. Last year the Lions closed fast, winning six and tying one of their last eight games, losing only four games for the season. And there was talk of a new football power arising.

Even the Lion players began to get that sense of power. Playing in the toughest division in pro football, having to face the Minnesota Vikings twice in a season, the players nevertheless felt strongly about their team's future. "If wanting it bad is winning it," remarked veteran cornerback Dick LeBeau early in the season, "we'll win. I believe this is the best team we've ever had."

The Lions opened the 1970 season by rolling over the Packers (40-0), the Bengals (38-3) and the

The key to Detroit's vast improvement is a new spirit backed with concentration and hard work. "George Plimpton," says the author, "wouldn't care to put on a Lion uniform these days."

A man and a woman are standing in a store filled with leather goods. The woman is wearing a bright red turtleneck sweater and a matching skirt, with a gold chain belt. She is holding a black handbag. The man is wearing a light-colored blazer over a striped shirt and light-colored trousers. He is holding a large brown leather briefcase and a cigarette. They are both looking at the briefcase. In the background, there are shelves with various leather bags and suitcases. A sign with the letters "bo" is visible on the right.

Pigskin?
Or calf's hide?
One thing for sure...
for them it won't be an
imitation.
Their cigarette? Viceroy.
They won't settle for less.
It's a matter of taste.



Viceroy gives you all the taste, all the time.

Bears (24-14), and Detroit newspapers began calling the team "the Big Blue Machine." Then the Lions came up with one of those performances coaches describe as flat and players describe more colorfully, losing to the Redskins 31-10.

At the following week's Tuesday practice the writer is surprised to find LeBeau, a very intense ballplayer but a wildly humorous man, absolutely disconsolate. He says he played the worst game of his 12-year career in Washington, letting Charley Taylor get behind him twice for Sonny Jurgensen touchdown passes. On one of them, the films reveal Taylor to be not so much behind LeBeau as he seems to be in an entirely different section of our nation's capitol. "They didn't get no virgin," Dick admits softly and through a weak smile, but says he will spend this week in silent introspection, trying to get his head together. After practice he whispers to Walker, "Nobody will look at me. Nobody will talk to me."

"You're crazy," Wayne says.

"No, nobody will look at me."

"Dick, you're getting paranoid, for God's sake."

Seeing his old friend so dejected, Wayne attempts to lift his spirits. He starts calling LeBeau "Plague."

By Friday, as he is leaving the team meeting, Dick says things are a little better. "I got three looks and a hello today."

The entire team seems very tight, super serious throughout the week's practice for the Browns. There is absolutely none of the kidding, none of the foolishness—in fact, few smiles—one observed in other years among players between drills. George Plimpton wouldn't care to put on a Lion uniform these days. The Lions are now precisely organized and work harder than they ever did before. "Much harder, both on the field and at meetings," says Walker, though only 33 the oldest active Lion. Yet nowhere do you see a player dogging it through workouts. Everyone runs pass patterns flat out, performs calisthenics like Marine recruits and struggles through the "Gassers" at workout's end with the determination of Olympic hopefuls.

Gassers are as hateful as they sound, sprints from one sideline to the other, back and forth, back and forth . . . "It's not the distance," says Walker, "it's the stopping and starting that kills you." Schmidt, who also put the team on a weight-training program in the off-season several years ago, does not like to see his folks breathing heavily in the fourth quarter. He may have the best-conditioned team

in football, yet it is shot through—unlike in the pre-Schmidt years—with enthusiasm.

"You've heard the Packers talk about how tough the training camps were under Lombardi with all that running and his famous grass drills," Walker says. "We had a kid join us in camp last year from Lombardi's Redskins. He said our camp was tougher."

It's a little different in the dressing room after practice. Tape is cut off ankles, rolled into balls and tossed at naked bodies across the room. Whirlpool bathers are sprinkled with ice water from the machine conveniently located near it. And almost everyone seems to enjoy playing with Friday Macklem, the equipment manager who has been with the team since 1936. The players respond to his devotion by calling him Youoldf. Bobby Williams, who led the league in kickoff returns last season and who is called Wild Child because he runs with such abandon and hits so hard as a reserve cornerback, seizes this day to play tie-Friday-to-the-weight-machine with Ace bandages. Friday laughs.

When he gets loose, Friday resumes going about the room in a crouch picking up gear the players have thoughtfully dropped on the floor. Walker, LeBeau and middle linebacker Mike Lucci gravely wonder aloud how many jockstraps Friday Macklem has gathered from floors after every practice and every game since 1936. The three of them sit down and begin computing. "We've got it!" Wayne finally yells. "Giving him the benefit of the doubt, Friday Macklem has in his lengthy career picked up 490,000 jockstraps!"

When Joe Schmidt became head coach in '67 he said there were 14 or 15 athletes on the roster. The Lions had been fed to the heathens by the front office in the early '60s when efforts to sign drafted players rivaled that put forth by Richard Nixon to bring the country together. From 1960 to 1965 Detroit draftees such as Johnny Robinson, Houston Antwine, Earl Faison, John Hadl, Dan Birdwell, Pete Beathard, Gerry Philbin and Fred Biletnikoff signed with AFL clubs. No team could lose that many athletes in six years and remain in contention. But the scouting system was improved under the direction of Russ Thomas and in 1966 the merger made signings easier.

The first batch of talented young Lions arrived in '67. Like instant breakfasts, cornerback Lem Barney and running back Mel Farr became instant stars: just mix with the veterans, stir lightly and play 'em. Left linebacker Paul Naumoff was a regular by sea-

son's end and Mike Weger showed enough filling in at strong safety so that when injuries the following season forced the Lions to trade for a running back, they could afford to send tough Bruce Maher to New York for Bill Triplett. A knee operation cost the services of running back Nick Eddy in '67 and a second one limited him to half the '68 schedule. But that year the Lions did come up with two fine receivers, Charlie Sanders ("He's the best tight end in the league," says Bear linebacker Doug Buffone) and sprinter Earl McCullouch (Rookie of the Year). They also got reserve linebacker Ed Mooney and all their backup passers named Greg—Barton and Landry ("Just because I'm prematurely greying and wear high-topped shoes to support a twisted ankle," Landry chuckles, "the guys say I'm the oldest-looking 23-year-old quarterback in football." Shame on them.). The 1969 draft produced running back Altie Taylor, end Larry Walton and offensive tackle Jim Yarbrough.

One of the shrewdest things Schmidt did in 1967 was to hire outstanding assistants and give them autonomy within their special areas. Bill McPeak, who had been the Redskins' head coach for five years, was put in charge of the overall offense, and ex-Lion defensive back Jim David, after six years of coaching the Ram and 49er secondaries, became overall defense coach. Another former teammate of Schmidt's, Jim Martin, was named defensive line coach, a job he'd held with the Broncos, and Chuck Knox was hired away from the Jets to handle the offensive line. Receiver coach John North was the lone Harry Gilmer holdover. This staff is the only one in the NFL that's intact after four years.

David's job was the easiest, in that the defense that finished the '67 season added end Joe Robb the next year and was still together at the start of this season. "That's the biggest thing we have going for us," says David, who has been called Hatchet since his days as a 170-pound nasty in the secondary known as "Chris' Crew" in Detroit's glory years. "We're not a big unit in any way, but we've got good quickness and strength and we play a real team defense. One game one guy's gonna have an exceptional day, and the next time it'll be somebody else."

"Take us as individuals," says defensive tackle

Jerry Rush, "and we're not that tough. But the sum of our parts is awesome." The sum of the Lion parts comes out of the Hatchet's head. Behind David's nasal Western twang is a mind awiggle with stunts and blitzes and other full-pressure tactics that drastically reduce what an offense can do.

"We've got so many stunts and blitzes and different line charges that you can't comprehend what we're doing," says Walker. "The blitz particularly suits our team because we're not overly sized and it gets us all moving. We hustle and we hit."

Tom Brookshier, the sportscaster who was one of the toughest cornerbacks in Eagle history, says the Lions have the hardest-hitting defense he's ever seen. Cleveland coach Blanton Collier says, "The Lions are the most physical team in the league."

In his first season Hatchet kept the defense pretty basic, but in subsequent years he put in his system bit by bit, until this year he had it all in. First came different line variations, then different coverages, then more blitzes and finally automatic calls at the line by Mike Lucci. "A team has to be playing together for a while before it can adjust instantly to automatics at the very last second," says David. "The more a team plays together, the more it can do."

The Lions come at quarterbacks with everyone except Friday Macklem. In the first four games the rush line—which was the NFL's best against the run—sacked quarterbacks four times. Alex Karras, for years the team's finest pass rusher, reported back this season still troubled by a post-operative knee. Then he stretched the ligaments in that knee and got in for only one play in two late October games. Karras' ability to penetrate was always predicated on quickness, and when you take the twinkle away from "Twinkletoes," as he's been called through most of his illustrious career, you are left with toes.

It is sad now to see him limp on the sidelines as the Lions prepare for Cleveland. It will be sadder if Alex has to bite the bullet when the team, after all these years, is finally a serious contender. Walker shakes his head as Karras limps into the locker room. "He's been a great one," Wayne says with emotion. A member of the Lions staff informs Alex that he feels the much-stretched ligaments in that bad knee should have been tightened when the cartilage was removed. Terrifying sounds burst from Alex's mouth.

"Even if it's true, and no one seems to know, that was a stupid thing to tell Alex," Mike Lucci says.

Although David calls the Lion defense from the sidelines, Mike Lucci calls checkoffs at the line.

Lucci is a generally underrated middle linebacker, strong (230 pounds) and quick and smart. He also has that extra element that all the good defensive players have: meanness. Mike started with the Cleveland Browns in 1962. He played regularly that year, then sat on the bench for two years before being traded to Detroit in '65. He was starting left linebacker that year, shifting to the middle in '66 when Joe Schmidt retired. Mike has no affection at all for the Browns. In the '69 Browns-Lions game, in which Detroit came from a 21-7 deficit to win, he made a crucial if unorthodox play.

"We were doing a lot of stunting around," he was saying after the last practice for the 1970 Cleveland game, "and their center (Fred Hoaglin) held me a couple of times in a row and the officials didn't call it. He did it again and they didn't call it. So," Mike shrugs, "on the next play I went in and ripped (punched) him. We took the penalty and held them and they set up for a field goal on about the 25. As Hoaglin got ready to snap the ball I ran at him again—and he snapped it over the kicker's head. Mike Weger recovered for us and it turned the game around."

The Lions' linebackers are the pride of the Detroit defense. "We can do more than any three linebackers in the league," says Walker. "We can take first back responsibility and cover all the way while still being able to get back and play the run." Other teams have one or even two backers with the speed-reading skills and the speed afoot to do this, but no other team has three. Walker and Lucci are as fast as most fullbacks, and the 217-pound Paul Naumoff is, says David, "the fastest linebacker in the league."

"I was surprised I got to play so much right away," Naumoff says after the final practice for the Browns game. "I played offensive end as a sophomore at Tennessee and defensive end as a junior. I only played linebacker one year before I came here. I thought it would take me a year or two to catch on to things." He realizes what he'd said and laughs. "And it did. In fact, I'm still trying to catch on and this is my fourth year."

"You can tell him everything you know in five seconds," offensive tackle Roger Shoals says as he walks by toward the shower.

"You go shave, you fat, ugly turtle!" Naumoff shouts after Shoals, who seems to have done so much butt-blocking over the years that he has very little neck to speak of and even less to see.

At the airport in Cleveland, the two Lion charter buses have been sitting for several minutes waiting

for the last straggler or two to exit the plane. Defensive end Larry Hand is staring out the bus window at the plane, shaking with held-in laughter, like a child with a new squirt ring approaching his first victim. "There he is!" Hand yells as defensive line coach Jim Martin appears in the plane doorway, turns and says something to a stewardess. "There's Martin! He's still looking for his bag. Oh, is he hot! Look at him! I took his bag and put it on the bus—it's right up front!" Hand is almost convulsed with laughter and the other players chuckle. "Come on, bussie, let's get going," Larry yells. "Can't wait all day for a coach." Martin gets on, sits up front and the driver starts pulling out. "Hold it up, bussie," Hand yells. "The stewardess has one more bag she's holding!"

Martin never turns around. The foolishness can do nothing except lighten the team.

At least Dick LeBeau's head is at last together again. "That Larry Brown of the Redskins is some back," says Joe Robb as he and Dick go out to dinner Saturday. "Did you see that move he made on me?"

"Unfortunately, Mr. Robb, in Washington on Sunday last I wasn't close enough to any blanking body to see anything."

As they walk into the Top of the Town restaurant, a combo is playing, and whirling about the floor is a woman clutching a three-year-old child to her breast. "Hey," says Robb, "isn't that lady's husband awful short?"

"I've got got a true story I'd like to tell," LeBeau announces to the entire table. "I'm sure you've all heard that dogs will avoid anything that's toxic. Well, recently I stayed with a friend and when I got up the next morning I saw her out the window getting ready to cut the grass. She was pouring gas into the mower and some of it was spilling. Well, her dog came over and lapped it up. Then he started running all over the yard quivering and shaking spasmodically. Finally he jumped straight up in the air, plopped to the ground and lay there motionless."

"Was he dead?" says Robb.

"No," says Dick. "He just ran out of gas."

The atmosphere in the locker room the following morning is again heavy. As players move about, many eyes are on the floor or staring at programs as they sit, dressed to the waist, on stools before their cubicles. Men stand at urinals for long minutes, prisoners of reluctant bladders. Many players use the quart bottle of bicarbonate of soda on the shelf above the sink, pouring the white powder into a

paper cup, filling another cup with water and spilling the contents back and forth with the reflexive unconsciousness of soda jerks from another era. Mike Lucci dumps the fizz into his mouth and grimaces. "This is the only thing I can keep in my stomach before a game."

Although the Lions have averaged 29 points per game through the first four, 12 of the points have been scored by Lem Barney on a punt return and an interception runback. The defense has recovered five fumbles and picked off six interceptions to set up other scores. The Detroit offense is still the primary concern because it is young and inexperienced and it has suffered so many key injuries during the rebuilding years that it has had trouble fielding 11 men who have played together more than a few games.

"We haven't had our passers and top runners get through a season since I've been here," Bill McPeak says. Mel Farr missed two games as a rookie, five the next season while his left knee operation healed and nine last year when surgeons cut into the right knee. Bill Munson, who is regarded as the best quarterback the team has had since Bobby Layne, was acquired from the Rams in 1968 and after missing two games with a shin operation set a Detroit record with 181 completions. Last season he broke a finger on his passing hand in game No. 4 and was sidelined for seven weeks. The hospital bills were high, but there was one good thing to be said for all the injuries: the Lions were forced to play their youngsters.

"A lot of us picked up a tremendous amount of experience," says Greg Landry, who saw the Lions lose only the two games to Minnesota of the seven he started in place of Munson. "The young guys got in there and said, shoot, I can play, and this gave everyone a lot of confidence, drew the team together."

Injuries to regular wide receivers Bill Malinchak and Billy Gambrell, made playing time for rookies Larry Walton and John Wright. Wright went out this preseason with a torn Achilles tendon. "Walton's gonna be a superstar, though," McPeak says. "He's the most improved receiver on the club."

Altie Taylor, the team's top draft choice in '69, missed the first four games with a shoulder injury, then took over for Farr and proved to be a speedy, slashing runner. Only 5-10, but as heavy as Farr at

210 pounds, "Altie picks up the blitz as good as anybody," according to McPeak. Taylor was supposed to be a reserve back this season, based on the performance of No. 1 draft choice Steve Owens in the early preseason games. But Owens suffered a third-degree shoulder separation which required surgery and was lost for half the schedule. "We miss Owens to the degree that we can't do as many things with Altie in there," says McPeak. "Although he's an adequate blocker on running plays, we can't ask Taylor to take on a 240-pound linebacker the way Owens does."

The major drawback with the injuries, of course, is that they have kept the Lion offense somewhere back in the Jazz era. "Landry had to play so much in only his second year," says McPeak, "that we had to limit the burdens on him, stay very basic. We just tried to do fundamental things and not make any mistakes that would turn over the ball. We had a good fieldgoal kicker in Errol Mann and were willing to settle for three points. But Landry's gotten a lot of playing time in two years and he's got a very bright future. In fact, this whole offense is so young (Shoals is the lone regular over 30) that its good days are all in front of it."

In '69 the Lions were so inexperienced they couldn't even utilize the spotter recommendations during ballgames. "We couldn't communicate adjustments on the sidelines," McPeak says, smiling. "We had to use a blackboard. We didn't feel we could even put in flare control until this year."

While the backfield and receiving corps was acquired through the draft and player trades, the offensive line seems to have been picked up for a pile of Green Stamps. Tackles Shoals and Rockne Freitas were acquired for draft choices, and guards Frank Gallagher and Chuck Walton were signed out of the Atlantic Coast League and Canadian League, respectively. Center Ed Flanagan was drafted No. 5 in 1965 and immediately became a starter—the only one from that unit left. The following season Detroit was roundly acclaimed to have the worst offensive line in the game, which led Shoals to wonder, "If this is the worst line and I'm a reserve on it, what does that make me?"

He became a starter in '67 when Chuck Knox began mumbling the incantations that by this season had produced one of the quickest, solidest blocking units in football. Chuck Walton, after four years of all-star play in Canada, also became a regular that year. A 6-3, 255-pounder with a lot of artificial teeth behind his upper lip, Chuck at

29 says, "I can still run the 40 in under 5.0."

Frank Gallagher, a reserve in '67 and '68, became a starter in the second game last season when Bob Kowalkowski was injured, and "Boots," has been in there ever since. "He could bench press 210 pounds when he came here," says Knox. "Since he's been on our weight program, he can bench press 370. It's vital for offensive linemen to have strong arms and shoulders." Rockne Freitas was a No. 3 draft choice the Steelers let go in '67 and became a starter with the Lions last season. "Once he got confidence in his own body," Knox says of the 6-6, 270-pound Hawaiian nicknamed "Primo," "he became one of the best tackles in the league."

"I'd played center all through college," Rockne says, "and at Pittsburgh nobody worked with me on tackle techniques. Coach Knox took the time to teach me."

Bobby Williams had said at the last practice session: "I'm just happy that loss to the Redskins happened early. We won the first three by such big scores. Now we know there isn't any team we don't have to get up for." After the Lions kickoff to Cleveland, it appears they may be up too high. Lem Barney, whom Bear coach Jim Dooley calls, "The best cornerback in the league; he'll take any receiver alone, and that allows the Lions to double up on other people," is beaten by several yards on a Gary Collins turnout. Luckily Bill Nelsen overthrows him. But when Cleveland punts, Lem fumbles and the Browns recover on the Detroit 20. Three plays later Collins catches a touchdown pass behind Barney. The Lions have to punt in four plays, and the Browns are moving again. Leroy Kelly takes a pitchout around left end, gets fine blocking and is suddenly racing down the sideline for what looks like a touchdown. But left safety Mike Weger makes a great hustling play, racing diagonally from all the way across the field to save the score. Jerry Rush drops Kelly after a yard gain. The Lions have a blitz called on the next play and Wayne Walker, noticing both Cleveland running backs cheating over to his side, reminds end Larry Hand that if both come he's got to cover the second back all the way. Hand remembers Cleveland had run the same play the previous year and he'd blown it. This time he steps to the outside to avoid the tackle's block and runs with the fullback. Nelsen tries to throw it over Hand to Bo Scott. He hits Hand, who stands 6-4, in the chest. You couldn't believe Larry weighed 250 pounds as he took off for the goal line. The closest man to him after 62 yards was Walker, who caught and passed

the pursuing Nelsen and Scott: 7-7.

The Browns have been blitzing more this season and they will come 20 times in this game. But they have tipped off their blitz in the films and Bill Munson reads them every time. With the ball on the Lion 36 now, Munson sees the Browns' safetymen sneaking up and the strongside linebacker setting two yards outside the tight end. Bill automatics, the Lions pick up the blitz, and he throws a 56-yard pass to Larry Walton, who's single covered. Walton jumps a step behind Erich Barnes and catches the pass at the Cleveland eight. Three plays later Munson fakes nicely, steps back and hits Altie Taylor, swinging out of the backfield all alone, for the touchdown. After the teams exchange punts, Hand bangs into Nelsen trying to pass and Lucci recovers the fumble which sets up Mann's 51-yard field goal.

Cleveland comes back on a Nelsen touchdown to Fair Hooker. With the score 17-14 the Lions have a third-and-ten from their 20 when Munson, who hadn't been able to work out until Friday before the Washington game, comes up with another big play. Larry Walton, running from the right, cuts deep across the middle, angling toward the far sideline. Munson releases the ball in a high arch as Walton makes his cut, perhaps 30 yards from where the pass will arrive, and it appears as if Larry will never get to it. But the wind off Lake Erie holds the ball and Walton literally runs it down at the sideline, his momentum carrying him out at the Cleveland 40. Two plays later Walton looks like a rebounding NBA forward with a magnificent body control and feel for the ball. The wind hangs the 28-yard pass in the end zone, but Walton goes up between two defensive backs and comes down with the touchdown: 24-14. The Browns run one play before Mike Weger slices in front of Gary Collins, grabs the pass intended for him and runs 28 yards for a touchdown.

It ends 41-24 and the defense is a little annoyed at giving up ten more points in the second half while the offense scores only three.

"You know, Jimmy David is such a great coach that when you play for a guy like him you just hate to make a mistake," Walker says later. "You feel like you let him down. I had a screen cold out there and blew it. I read it and saw the tackle coming at me so I stepped to the outside. I knew he'd try to kick me out and I'd step inside him and get into the screen. Well, when I stepped in I slipped and Scott got five yards. When I came off I had to apologize to Hatchet. 'What for?' he said. 'You stopped 'em.' 'Yeah, but

they got too many yards.' Too many yards!" Wayne smiles. "That's what everyone says out there. 'We can't let 'em have the yards!'"

A bunch of the players stop at a bar in the Detroit airport for a couple of drinks. "What did the Vikings do?" says Frank Gallagher. Someone says the Vikings are beating the Cowboys 50 to something. "Oh no," Wayne says, "don't tell me I ran into another dynasty!" He turns to a writer. "Kill that story." He laughs.

The pinky of Mike Lucci's left hand, which is resting on the bar, is swollen and has turned black from a dislocation. Terry Miller, a linebacker on the taxi squad, asks, "You pull it out yourself?"

Mike nods. "It got jammed on the second play." He shrugs, looking at the splint taped to it.

Walker had been in obvious pain at game's end. He'd played with a broken bone in his right hand at the base of the pinky, a break X-rays revealed two days after the Redskin loss. Before the Browns game, a large needle had been pushed deep into his hand through the tender flesh between the fingers. He too had smashed his hand on the second play—and on another half dozen plays thereafter, protecting it only when the pain outwitted his instincts—and by the time he reached the locker room he looked numbed until he got under the shower.

"Alex only went in for one play," Wayne says as he drives home, "just to keep his consecutive-game streak going. But if we'd needed him, he would've played all the way on that knee. He did last year against the Vikings. You've got to have that. Lombardi never let those blankers sit down."

The writer mentions that Ed Flanagan had said in the locker room: "We didn't hit at all today. We scored 41 points and I didn't feel like I hit anyone in the first half. You've got to come see us when we play someone in our division."

When you shove aside the semantics, football is not merely a game of hitting, it is a game of hurting. The idea is to beat your opponent intellectually, and also to whip his butt into the ground. You seldom see more joy on players' faces than when they see a teammate like Charlie Sanders crack back on a linebacker, as he did on Cleveland's Dale Lindsey, and

hit him so hard from the blind side that you think if he gets up surely there will be pieces missing. "Sanders like to killed him!" John North shouted gleefully. "He does that at least once in every game!"

On Monday a group of Lions walk into the training room to have minor wounds attended and find Friday Macklem lying on a table with his skinny, bandage-white left leg propped up. The shin looks like it has a football stuffed under it. "What happened, Youoldf?" everyone wants to know.

"I tripped over a trunk."

"You could've been seriously hurt," says Walker, going over to examine the swelling. "You're lucky you have those big strong legs from all that lifting all these years. That's our next problem—we've got to figure how much 490,000 jocks weigh."

As expected, the Lions-Bears game is very physical, but for some reason Detroit is flat. The defense gives up too many yards, yet Barney, LeBeau and free safety Wayne Rasmussen intercept passes and Weger recovers a fumble to stop the Bears. Jerry Rush earns the game ball for his fierce performance at tackle. Barney twists an ankle early, is hit on it later and this costs him a certain second interception and a touchdown pass to Dick Gordon because Lem cannot move to the inside well at all. The pain brings tears to his eyes in the locker room afterward, where he is given smelling salts to keep him from passing out. The defense allows just ten points, but the offense has to come from behind on three Mann field goals and a 17-yard touchdown pass, Munson to McCulloch. It is the sign of a good ballclub when it does not play well yet still wins. But the victory is costly: Joe Robb is lost for the season, Bill Cottrell will miss at least two games, Barney and Walker are doubtful for the game each of the Lions has been subconsciously pointing for, the Vikings. They are the defending champions, they have beaten Detroit the last four times the teams have met, they have the same record as the Lions, 5-1. They are an old-fashioned team that comes at you with nothing more complicated than flexed muscles and garbage can covers in their hands.

Walker is more seriously injured than Barney, who has a severely sprained ankle; Wayne's foot is broken. The chip is just floating in there, painfully. He cannot run all week. Wayne says he must be at least 75 percent normal to play or he'll be hurting the team.

"He'll play," Lucci says driving to the linebackers' meeting on Sunday morning. "Wayne'll get that old

adrenalin flowing and get a shot and he'll play. I remember a couple of years ago I limped into this same meeting, I couldn't walk right," he smiles, "and I played. Of course, it took five shots." Mike laughs.

You've got to have that, a writer recalls Wayne saying, and he knows Walker—who has missed only two games in 12½ seasons—will be playing football in two hours on a broken foot. Wayne's dad, Jack Walker, is already at the stadium outside the locker room and he has the same kind of distinguished, worldly features that you can see Wayne having in his late 50s if he were to grow a moustache and see it turn snow white with his hair. Now the Hatchet passes by, saying hello. Mr. Walker remembers the first time he met Jimmy David some years ago. "He told me that, to be truthful, when Wayne joined the team in 1958 they didn't want a rookie linebacker playing with 'Chris' Crew." Jimmy said they tried everything they could to get him out of there. But after the fourth or fifth scrimmage they gave up. "You know why?" Jimmy said. "Because Wayne Walker is a tough sonuvabitch." Jack Walker laughs and the very crinkles around his eyes seem to fill with pride.

So Wayne will try it. Even more hopeful for the Lions if they are to sustain their rush for a title is the fact that Alex Karras' death rumors have been premature. "He ran all week in practice," Lucci has said, "and he's got his quickness back—at least back to where he was early this year.

"We don't have to worry about playing like we did last week, either," says Lucci, pulling on his game pants, "when we knew we should beat 'em and just barely did. Today we just go out there and whip ass. Whatever happens, there's no shame on either side."

There wasn't. Right from the start the teams smashed at one another with everything they had and then got up and smashed again, because that is the way Central Division teams play this game. The Lions get the first break when Jim Mitchell, a rookie playing end for Joe Robb, recovers a Gary Cuozzo fumble at the Minnesota 40. Three plays later Munson hits McCullough for a 15-yard touchdown. Then the Vikings score ten points in 31 seconds, on a field goal and an interception of a nine-yard Munson pass that travels some 30 yards across the field to the right sideline with all of the speed of a helium balloon. Cornerback Bobby Bryant takes it on the run and goes in for the score.

Now Munson beats the Viking zone defense again, looping a 13-yard pass over a linebacker's head to Larry Walton. But the Vikings, who are running at Mitchell and passing at Bobby Williams, Bar-

ney's replacement, drive to the Lion six. Then Cuozzo makes another smart call, isolating his full-back on Walker, who has about 75 percent of his speed as a result of his numbed foot, and Brown catches the ball over his head and over the goal line. The Viking lead goes to 24-14 on the next series when Williams, who is right with Gene Washington all the way, is outleaped for the touchdown. The Lions are forced to punt again but recover a fumble at the Viking ten. Errol Mann kicks a field goal: 24-17.

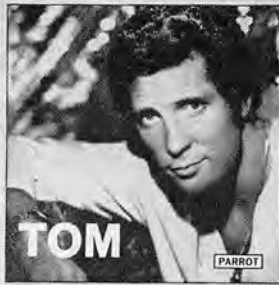
In the second half the defenses stiffen. Although Karras, who had been penetrating and pursuing with much of his old drive, has been lost with a concussion, the Lions time after time stop Viking drives. LeBeau makes his fifth interception of the year and Weger his third. Lucci is calling checkoffs that seem to have the Detroit defense in excellent position. Minnesota can score only two field goals.

But the Lions cannot score at all. The offensive line is blocking fiercely against the tough Minnesota front four. Yet Munson, with more time to throw than anyone could expect, can't seem to get any zip on his passes. Two more are intercepted. The juxtaposition between his velocity and that of Greg Landry is all too apparent when the youngster comes in with 5½ minutes to play. Rifling the ball, Landry completes six successive passes. It is all too late, of course.

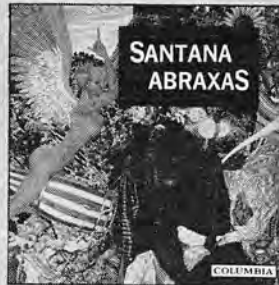
In the Lion locker room, a number of players are still choked with emotion. But there is no shame in this room, and there is reason for none. If the Lions can't go all the way this season, they still look like the pro football team of the future.

Walker is sitting on his stool, fully dressed except that his left shoe is off the foot that had been shot before the game and again at halftime. His forehead is cut and blood is caked on his nose.

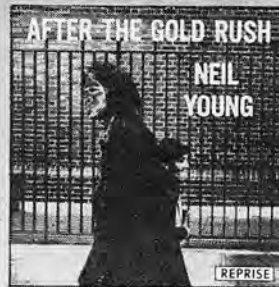
"You know this doesn't mean we're out of it," Wayne says to a writer. "Even if we don't win our division we can make the playoffs. I have to think Minnesota's got an easier schedule the second half than we do. We just have to keep winning because we can make the playoffs with a good percentage. We'll have to beat Minnesota up there, but we can do it. It's always a pleasure to play against Minnesota because in these games it's whichever team wants to hit the most. And that's the way to play this game. I just hope this foot gets better." He laughs. "It's a little tough playing on a broken foot, but at least it makes me forget my broken hand."



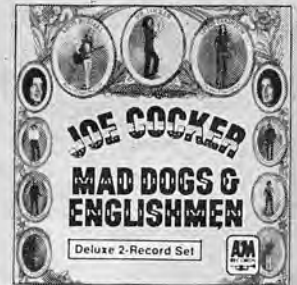
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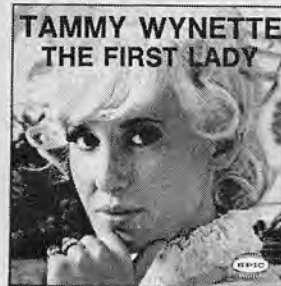
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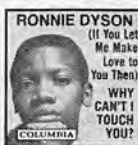
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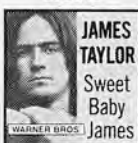
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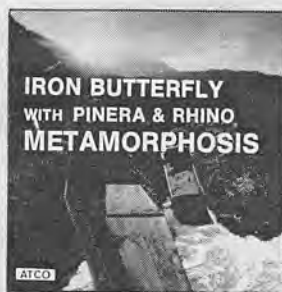
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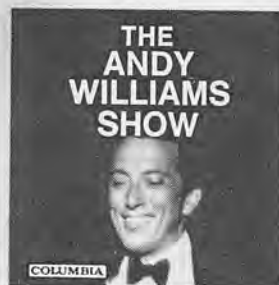
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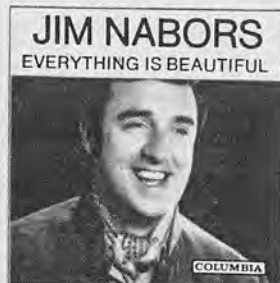
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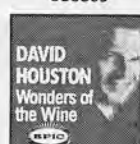
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VIEWPOINT SOUTHWEST



BY MICKEY HERSKOWITZ

Once the Southwest slept when winter came. Those who dwelled there felt culturally deprived. The goal posts had been dismantled and it was too early to oil your fielder's glove.

Elsewhere, people were working themselves into a froth over a game played with an inflated bladder. They were doing it in the Southwest, too, but no one seemed to notice. No national rankings, no All-Americans, no crowds. The notion grew that basketball in these parts consisted of fellows in baggy pants and greasepaint throwing cream pies in each other's faces.

The sport grew slowly, like Mickey Rooney. The Southwest Conference, consisting of seven Texas schools and Arkansas, had long been a major supply source for professional football. Yet it has graduated only one player in 30 years who established himself as a starter in the NBA. That would be Slater Martin, who was the ace shotmaker of a Texas University team whose lineup averaged under 5-10. They were known as the Five Mice.

That was a generation gap ago, and in the post-war boom that seemed to sweep up everything else, basketball got left at the gate.

In the 1950s efforts to enlarge the sport were infrequent and half-hearted and always futile. When Texas A&M

went out and hired a big name basketball coach, its rivals were astonished.

The coach's name was Ken Loeffler, out of La Salle, where he created a national champion around Tom Gola. Loeffler was intelligent, cultured, scholarly and a clever after-dinner speaker.

The Dodge sheriff could have told him right off, he was in a heap of trouble. If he found a tall boy who had any coordination at all—that is, he could sing and take a shower at the same time—the football team grabbed him. And when he tried to recruit the out-of-state kids he thought he needed to win, his fellow coaches felt that the union scale was being threatened and they hollered for the cops.

The Aggies found themselves in solitary, and soon Loeffler was back in the East, teaching law in New Jersey.

But he left behind a legacy. Loeffler believed that basketball was an art form. He spoke of it in those terms. He awakened his rival coaches and he stirred the fans.

In keeping with the lusty traditions of the region—I mean, this is Marlboro country—the game is still played with more heat than finesse. If the TCU-SMU match does not produce at least one brawl, the fans feel that the boys are not really trying. Once, when an Aggie-Texas game was scheduled for regional television, Aggie coach Shelby Metcalf quipped: "They don't have a sponsor for the game yet, but Gillette wants the fight."

Of course, the class of the Southwest is independent Houston, which until five years ago played its games in a high school gym seating 2500. Today the Cougars are a national power, No. 1 in both wire service polls in 1968, occupying a new 11,000-seat fieldhouse that can't hold the crowds wishing to see them perform. It is a flamboyant team, coached by Guy Lewis, who wears loud sports jackets and waves a polka dot towel at officials. It is the college that gave you Elvin Hayes.

Dr. Naismith would be proud.

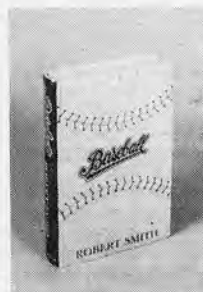
SPORT BOOK- SHELF



I AM THIRD
BY GALE SAYERS
with
AL SILVERMAN

It is fashionable these days to claim that a book about an athlete is "much more than a sports book." In the case of Gale Sayers' autobiography, however, nothing could be truer. To be sure, all the details of the great running back's football career are here—from high school in Omaha, through the All-America years at Kansas and the All-Pro seasons with the Bears. But throughout, there are also intimate glimpses of a young man who lives for much more than the game itself. Nothing conveys that better than the title, which is part of the credo Gale Sayers has always strived to live by: "The Lord is first, my friends are second and I am third."

THE VIKING PRESS, 625 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK, N. Y. 10022 \$6.95



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SMITH

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MAGNUSON ISN'T READY FOR REFORM

(Continued from page 21)

really what makes a winner. And finally you must have a goal for yourself. That's why I set my goal as the Stanley Cup this year."

Magnuson believes that a lot of young people lack the right attitude today. And he believes it's because they've had it too easy. "They're given so much, especially these wealthy kids. That's why they get off on these tangents and rebel and protest and stuff."

We were sitting alone on the Black Hawk bench following practice. The conversation's turn to heavier subjects seemed to make him uneasy. Quickly, he pushed it back to his sport.

"Ever since I was a kid I wanted to play pro hockey. I kept a scrapbook back then. Still have it with autographed pictures of Gordie Howe and Bobby Hull. And, now, me playing with Bobby—wow!" The perplexity is gone and Magnuson's eyes are shining.

When the topic shifts to Bobby Orr, Magnuson's appraisal is curiously mixed. "He's an all-round player—not a defenseman. He's the only player in the league who could get away with what he does. The Boston team covers for him—whatever he does. If I played like that, everyone would be scoring goals on me because I would be way up the ice." Magnuson pauses to let you consider that if it would happen to him, perhaps it was happening to Orr more often than was noted. "But don't get me wrong," he says with an innocent-eyed smile. "He's a fantastic hockey player. He would be the greatest defenseman ever—if he stayed back."

"We've got really fine defensemen here, too. Whitey Stapleton is one of the best around. And Dougie Jarrett who I play with is very good. The thing that really makes this team, though, is spirit. In the locker room, before a game, we yell, 'All together!' That's the way it is—off the ice, too."

He hesitates, as though deciding whether to tell a secret. What the hell, why not? "Do you know about snipe hunts?"

Not only me, but you would think everybody. The snipe hunt is one of the oldest put-ons for fraternity initiates and rookie athletes.

Magnuson kicks the ice sheepishly, then plunges into the story. "It was last season. Stan Mikita and some other guys took the rookies—J.P. Bordeleau, Terry Caffery and myself—out to this cornfield at night. We were supposed to catch some snipe, see? I'm down at

the end of the field with my lamp and fish net and potato sack. The idea is, Stan and the other guys drive the snipe thru the rows of corn. We catch them with the net and throw them into the potato sack.

"Just before he leaves, Stan says, 'If they don't run into the net, just call them, "Here snipe, here snipe." ' Mikita leaves and we're all spread out along the end of this cornfield. The wind is rustling the stalks and it sounds like hundreds of snipe are coming toward us. This is going to be the biggest snipe catch of the century.

"While we're waiting, a cop car pulls up and asks for our snipe-hunting license. We don't have a snipe-hunting license, of course, so down we go to the police station. We are tried in night court right away, found guilty. It wasn't until they fined us that we realized it was a set-up. The fine was \$10,000." Magnuson laughs. "This team has spirit. It really does."

The Hawks and Keith Magnuson show that spirit in the first game of the season against the Oakland Seals in Chicago Stadium. Charlie Finley's latest innovation—gold and green skates—is a cosmetic improvement for the feeble Seals. But unfortunately for Oakland, the colored shoes add no speed to the Seals' skates.

At 1:31, Doug Mohns scores with assists from Bryan Campbell and Dennis Hull. The makings of a rout already are obvious. The Seals have difficulty getting out of their end.

With the Hawk forwards bottling up the Seal attack, Magnuson moves inside the blue line, hoping for a shot. Bobby Hull fishes the puck out of the corner and skids it out to Magnuson. He lets go with a forehand, but does not catch all of the puck. The shot is right on net but weak and the Oakland goalie, Bob Sneddon, gloves it easily.

Finally, the Seals get untracked and, led by the ancient, gray-haired Harry Howell, move into the Hawks' end. There is a scramble to the right of the Hawk goal. A Seal player goes down, the referee's arm goes up. Magnuson spins on his skates in anger. It is an "iffy" call for tripping. Magnuson is not happy, nor are his fans. The stadium rocks with boos and comments on referee Art Skov's ancestry.

Oakland scores 20 seconds later—much to the surprise of everyone, even, it seems, Oakland. It was the team's first shot on net. Quickly, though, the

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VIEW- POINT EAST



BY VIC ZIEGEL

Buffalo is a large city in western New York State on Lake Erie, just a little bit south of North Tonawanda and well down in the all-new and expanded standings of the National Football League, National Hockey League and National Basketball Association.

The NFL Bills, accommodating opponents for several years, finally seem ready to find the light at the end of the tunnel called War Memorial Stadium. (It might end the joke that goes: What do the Bills need to go with O.J.? Well, vodka might help.)

The NHL Sabres are one of the few teams in professional sports with an alternate spelling. As if that wasn't enough of a headache, the Sabres are unlucky enough to find themselves in that established Eastern Division of the NHL that plays fe-fi-fo-fum with expansion teams. Come back in a few years, son.

And what of the NBA Braves, freshmen in an Atlantic Conference fraternity that believes in paddling? "I know," says coach Dolph Schayes, "everybody says it's gonna take time. Yeah, just an expansion team . . . maybe in three years . . . can't expect very much from them. Well, I'll tell you something. We don't take well to that kind of reasoning."

Dolph Schayes, a winner, charter member of the NYU Hall of Fame, head-

master of Camp Walden, appeared in the NBA playoffs in each of his 15 seasons with the Syracuse Nationals. As a third-year coach with the Philadelphia 76ers he won the Eastern Division title.

And Eddie Donovan, the general manager who chose Schayes, is the man most responsible for turning the New York Knicks from a very funny night in the old Madison Square Garden into a very expensive evening of world championship basketball at the new Garden.

Now Ed Donovan is being asked to bring his very practical magic wand to Buffalo. "The big thing about him is that he never insults your intelligence. He levels all the time. He's got a lot of class and people like talking with him and doing business with him." It's nice that Boston's Red Auerbach feels that way about Donovan. If there is to be a success story for the Braves, it will be because Donovan was talking business.

"We're going to draft the best basketball players available," Donovan says. "Do that successfully for two or three drafts and you will have some talent." And then Donovan, the realist, explains that when the Knicks were pushing up it was done with the first draft choice and—because expansion hadn't become the name of the game—they were back again for the tenth pick. These days the expansion team lucky enough to finish a smiling last in the league selects first and then 18th.

Donovan: "We have to show the fans we're working hard, hustling, not giving in. We have to build a following."

Schayes: "There's competition for the sports dollar in Buffalo and we've gotta work for it. Right now, we've got as good a bunch of guards as any in the league."

Donovan: "Looking through the league, or even on the college and high school level, you know it's a game of centers."

Schayes: "People say we don't have a center, but that isn't true. We start Nate Bowman, and can go to George Wilson, Bob Kauffman . . . they complement our team perfectly. They play both ends of the court . . ."

The general manager talks about centers and the coach trots out three names when one solid big man is what he really wants. Watch your newspapers. Mr. Donovan is at work.

Seals revert to their aimless style of non-play. It is only a question of time before the Hawks score again. At 8:59, old pro Eric Nesterenko catches a loose puck out front and slaps it in. The Seals have more trouble clearing the puck. At 11:26, Bobby Hull scores on a screamer from near the face-off circle.

Magnuson jolts an opponent with a solid check as the Seals start a rush. Then at 14:03, he's nailed with an obvious interference call. This time Magnuson does not hassle the referee, but skates directly to the penalty box.

In the second period, the Hawks score twice more, assuring victory. Magnuson gets no more penalties, but looks very good in breaking up one Oakland rush with a poke-check and immediately shutting off another with a belly slide in front of his own net. In the third period, the Hawks are skating mainly for exercise, and the Seals are beginning to hit, mainly in frustration.

Though it took all of last season to get his first NHL goal, a sudden opportunity presents itself to Magnuson to get his second here in the first game of the season. At about 4:00, Koroll feeds Magnuson all alone at the point. He has a clean shot and Sneedon is out of position. This is it. Magnuson winds up hurriedly, let's fly—damn! He catches too much ice and his stick splinters into a dozen pieces.

Later in the period, as Oakland desperately tries to work off a five-minute major penalty, Bobby Hull gives Magnuson a second chance. Instead of completing his rush, Hull passes over to Magnuson who takes the shot. He misses. When the puck is frozen, Magnuson skates over to Hull to thank him.

The fans applaud both gestures, but it's Magnuson the policeman rather than the goal scorer who brings them to their feet. And he provides them with a sample of that policework in the third period.

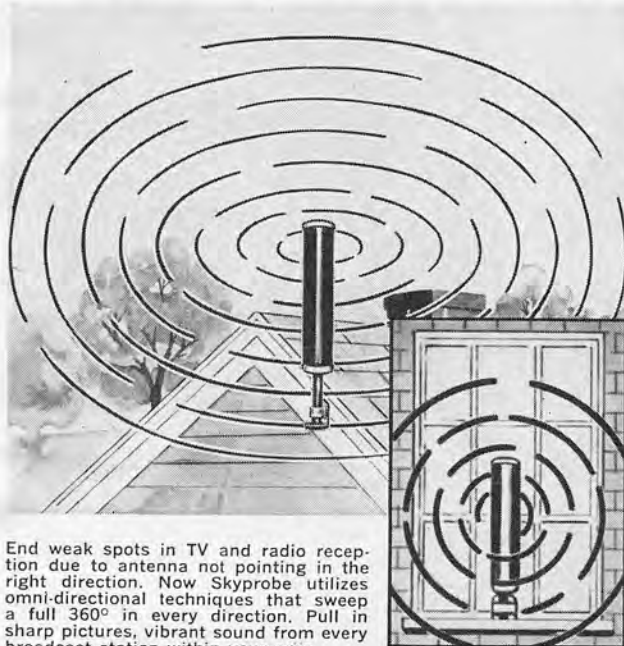
During a fight for the puck in the corner, Magnuson and Oakland's mod-haired Carol Vadnais square off. There is some shoving and much glaring and staring. The linesmen manage to stay between the players as the fans roar their delight.

To the fans, it is obvious that Keith Magnuson remains as hard-nosed as ever. An alderman said of this city long ago, "Chicago ain't ready for reform." Neither, apparently, is Keith Magnuson. ■

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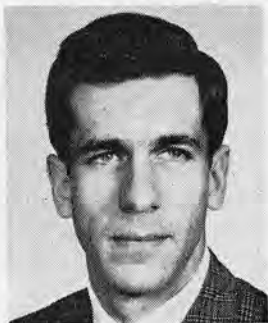
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BY PAUL HEMPHILL

Being baseball's unofficial ambassador to country music, or maybe it's the other way around, Dave Bristol had left the World Series in time to make the riotous annual DeeJay Convention in Nashville before finally going home for the winter. There had been the Opry and late-night bull sessions with stars like Bill Anderson, and there had been phone calls from the Brewers' front office about a couple of trades in the works. But now it was over, and as the car wiggled up into the blue mountains of western North Carolina on a crisp fall Sunday, we listened to Merle Haggard and swapped baseball stories and talked about the lovely little mountain town of Andrews, where he has always lived.

Dave Bristol and I have had a good friendship, although we see little of each other. It began in the early '60s when he was managing at Macon and I was newspapering at Augusta in the Sally League. Both of us were young Appalachians who respected the finer aspects of such arts as guitar picking and trout fishing and umpire baiting, and we stayed in touch as we hit our 30s and moved on to manage a better class of ballplayer and write for a better class of editor.

Most people who keep up know the

general drift of his career. He passed up a football scholarship from Georgia Tech to sign with the Reds' organization, was a minor league playing manager at 23, never made the majors as a second baseman, became manager of the Reds at 35, was fired when he failed to win a pennant in '69, and wound up in Milwaukee as manager of the Brewers. "If they're looking for a better manager they better check out heaven," said one of the Reds, most of whom had been nursed all the way to the top by Bristol. But Dave took it like a pro: "I just told Sparky (Anderson, his successor), 'Now go ahead and win it.'" They did, of course, but it was a year too late for Dave. He was in a strange town and a strange league, struggling for fourth place. The Brewers finished 33 games out in the AL West.

That was last year. Right now he was only thinking about getting home and seeing Betty and the three kids. And there was nostalgia as he returned to the valley. "We used to play on that old field over there," he laughed, "and the kid that could go into the cornfield and come out with the ball the fastest was the one who got to play centerfield." He remembered the time he was called in by a Class D general manager, who started out by saying, "Dave, we're going to release you as a player . . ." Tears welled up in his eyes ("I was wondering how I was ever gonna go back to Andrews"), and when the GM saw it he hurriedly finished his sentence: ". . . so we can name you manager."

Nobody in Andrews treats the manager of the Brewers like a celebrity ("They know too much about me") except his family. They were waiting for hugs and kisses, and for souvenirs from Nashville. Betty laid out a huge country-style meal, and afterwards Dave and I tried to kid her. We started a conversation about how we'd meet at the Chattanooga airport early the next morning and fly to Arizona for the Instructional League. His wife's head snapped back and forth, following the dialogue as though she were watching an incredible tennis volley, but Dave couldn't keep a straight face.

"David Bristol," she screamed.

"Don't worry, Mama," he said, bear-hugging her. "I've got to fatten up with some home cookin'."

JIMMY HART IS NO GAMBLE

(Continued from page 10)

1966, with Johnson hurt, he played about eight minutes of a game. Now, at the start of the 1967 season, he was being thrown into the starting lineup. "I'm going to go all the way with you," Winner told him, emotionally, a few days before the first game. "I could try to make a trade for a veteran quarterback, but I'm not. You have the arm, the release, the potential, everything to be one of this league's greatest quarterbacks."

In his first game an unnerved Hart threw four interceptions and the Cardinals lost. But he showed he could rally the team to come from behind. The Cardinals finished third with a 6-7-1 record. Hart ranked tenth among the league's passers, completing 48 percent of his passes.

In that 1967 season Johnson flew to the games on weekend passes from an Army base in Oklahoma. He stood in his football uniform on the sideline. "I'd see him standing there alone and I knew it hurt him," Hart said, "not being on the field. This had been his team."

In 1968 Johnson, still in the Army, stood on the sideline as the Cardinals finished with a 9-4-1 record, only a half-game away from the first-place Browns, whom they beat twice.

That finish put new visions into the heads of the Cardinal veterans. If they could do that well with a kid quarterback, they could win in 1969 with Johnson. "But Charley," says one Cardinal official, "never had the hardest-throwing arm in the world. When he came out of the Army, whether it was because of rustiness or all the injuries to him over the years, he wasn't throwing the ball real hard at all."

"I knew at the start of training camp that I had to pick either Jimmy or Charley as the No. 1 quarterback," Winner said this October. "I knew there'd be trouble with two No. 1's. We kept statistics on every ball the two of them threw at camp." He jerked a sheaf of papers out of a bottom drawer and waved them at me. "We left nothing to guesswork. Near the end of camp I had made the decision: Jimmy would be the No. 1 quarterback."

But Hart jammed a finger on his throwing hand so Johnson started the first two games, the Cardinals winning one and losing one. Hart started the next two and again the Cards split.

Johnson thought he should start and so did most of the veterans. Hart, grown confident during his two years as a starter, thought he had proven himself. Cliques formed, lines were drawn, and on the Cardinals you were either for Hart or against Hart, for Johnson or against Johnson.

Winner heard the rumblings. "I was hoping," he said, "that one or the other would take the bull by the horns, have a terrific couple of games, and so out-distance the other that there'd be no question in anyone's mind who was No. 1. But neither one could win the job and it became a bad situation." The Cardinals dropped their final three games, sometimes not seeming to care whether they won or lost.

The blame, said Cardinal players this fall, could be traced to the instabilities inherent in a two-headed offense. "On the pass block," veteran tackle Ernie McMillan said, "I had to protect my inside first with Charley, because he drops back only three yards. With Jimmy, who drops back nine yards, I could concern myself more with the outside rush. But the thing was, going from one quarterback to the other, we weren't reacting automatically."

The receivers also had to adjust to the two quarterbacks. "Say you were supposed to run a pattern to drive back a cornerman," said wide receiver Jon Gilliam. "With Charley you had to make sure to drive your man back ten yards, otherwise he had time to recover while the ball was getting to you. With Jimmy you have to drive him back only five yards. He can't recover in time because Jimmy throws the ball so much faster than Charley. You never got the chance to get down the timing you got to have between a passer and a receiver."

Finally there was the uncertainty in each quarterback's mind. "Both Jimmy and Charley had to wonder: If this play doesn't go, will he take me out and put the other guy in?" said linebacker Larry Stallings. "The uncertainty showed in Jimmy's play-calling last season and it was reflected in his leadership and all through the offensive unit."

The overall results were a 4-9-1 record and the postseason trade that sent Johnson to Houston for a No. 2 quarterback, Pete Beathard, and defensive back Miller Farr. This summer Cardinal owner Stormy Bidwill was proclaiming a "New Cardinal Era." Probably by no coincidence, of the 40 players on the roster for the 1970 season, 27 were, like Jimmy Hart, with five or fewer years of pro experience.

The Cardinal coaches noticed a change in Hart the day after he heard the trade announced on the radio. "A year ago," says one coach, "you might have seen Jimmy come to the office during the offseason maybe once a week to pick up cans of film to take home. But now he was around here most every day to get film, to talk to the coaches, to keep in shape by playing handball, or to run."

In the opener against the veteran Rams Hart completed only 12 of 41 as the Rams won easily, 34-14. Against Washington the next week he completed four of eight before someone's flying elbow knocked him out. Beathard came on to guide the team in the second half to a 27-17 victory.

The following week, recovered from the knockout, he sailed two touchdown passes, one to Gilliam covering 59 yards, and the Cardinals upset Dallas, the team that had been favored to win in the NFC East. As the Cardinals got ready to play their fourth game, against the Saints, Hart had completed only 39 percent of his passes but his average gain was a highly respectable 7.38 yards. His interception rate also was high: 5.6 percent.

When I went to Hart's ranch house in the hilly suburbs 25 miles beyond St. Louis, I rang the bell and was greeted by Mary Hart. She had one of their 14-month-old twins and told me Jimmy would be right along; he was changing the diaper of the other twin.

A little later we sat in the living room. Jimmy was dressed like a college senior of the Eisenhower years: a yellow cardigan, neat and conservative plaid slacks, brown loafers, a button-down shirt open at the neck. His close-cropped hair was neatly parted, a mild outgrowth of his college crewcut. He sat at one end of the couch holding little Suzanne, Mary at the other end holding Bradley. At their feet plopped their German shepherd, Sonchin, warily eyeing their two cats, who were preening in the doorway. Later that afternoon Jim would be speaking at a luncheon for the Fellowship of Christian Athletes, of which he is a member. But most afternoons, he says, he likes to flop around the house playing with the twins. His wife calls him a homebody and Jim does not deny it.

He was always shy. His stepfather, he says, "gave me the little shove I needed to get involved in sports when I was a kid." Hart was born in Evanston, Illinois, his father a chauffeur who died when Jim was seven. His mother married a businessman in Morton

Grove, Illinois, where Jimmy grew up.

Jimmy played shortstop for the Niles West Township High School. He also played sandlot football, as a quarterback for a team in a suburban league. "But baseball was the foremost thing in my mind up to my senior year in high school," he said. "I was led to believe by coaches that I had a chance for a career in baseball. I had done nothing in football."

During his junior year Jimmy tried out for the football team and won the passing job—"by default," he said—when the first-string quarterback broke his wrist. His senior year his team won the conference championship and Southern Illinois offered him a football scholarship. "I accepted it but I was hoping I could play baseball down there, too," he said. "I was still hoping at spring practice of my sophomore year. Our quarterback was a terrific thrower and he was like me, he wanted to play baseball."

"He told the football coach that spring that he was going out for baseball. 'Okay,' the coach said. 'But you have no assurance that you will have the quarterback job when you come back.'"

"I got the job. That cured me of going out for baseball. I didn't want

(Continued on page 64)

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Brooks stood out from the start of the Series. With the score tied, 3-3, in the sixth inning of the opener, he made a stunning backhanded stop of Lee May's smash down the line, then made an even more stunning off-balance, one-bounce throw to get his man.

In game No. 2, Brooks snared May's third-inning smash to start a doubleplay that prevented a 4-0 Cincinnati lead from getting bigger. Then he singled home the tying run and scored the winning run as Baltimore rallied for five runs in the fifth and went on to a 6-5 win.

In the third game, Robinson drove in two first-inning runs with the first of two doubles. In the field he gave May a break—by then Lee was calling Brooks "Hoover" as in vacuum cleaner—victim-

Albert S. Traina, President of SPORT Magazine, congratulates Brooks while Robinson's pretty wife Connie looks on proudly.

izing Johnny Bench instead with a super stab of his vicious liner in the hole. Baltimore 9, Reds 3.

In game No. 4, Brooks got four hits in four at-bats, including a homer and two RBIs.

In the fifth and final game, Robby singled to finish with a .429 Series average and speared another Bench liner, this one in foul territory in the ninth inning. Moments later he tossed out Pat Corrales to clinch the championship, and his new Dodge Charger.

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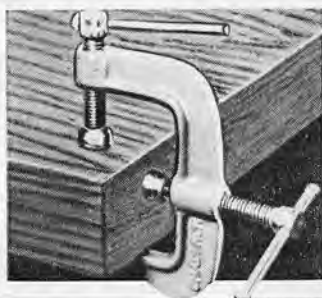
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(Continued from page 61)

anyone to take my job the way I had taken it from that quarterback."

Southern Illinois won only eight games in Jimmy's three years at quarterback. "In Jim's senior year," Don Shroyer says, "I played ten sophs and Jim. I can't count how many passes were dropped." Jimmy, nevertheless, set most every school passing record and the Rams wrote to tell him they were interested. But no one drafted him."

If it hadn't been for Shroyer and his connection with the Cardinals, it's likely that Jimmy Hart never would have seen the inside of a pro football camp. (Only two players signed as free agents are now pro quarterbacks. One is Jimmy, the other Johnny Unitas.)

Jimmy came to camp with Charley Johnson, Terry Nofsinger, Buddy Humphrey and Iowa All-America Gary Snook: all were in front of him. In the 1966 NFL Yearbook Jimmy Hart's name wasn't even listed on the Cardinal rookie roster. Snook got hurt, Humphrey cut. "Suddenly I was No. 3," Jim said. "I was on the taxi squad and real happy to be there."

A question rose in my mind and I had to ask it: How had a nice guy like Jim Hart, who once described himself as "always feeling like the little fellow among the big guys," made himself into the authoritarian pro quarterback?

"I'm not by nature a person who bawls out people . . ." He stopped and began again. "Some quarterbacks raise hell for missing a block. But it's hard to see what's happening out there, especially when it's my job to concen-

trate on what's happening downfield, not on what's happening around me.

"I say things to the team in general. 'Hey,' I might say, 'give me a little more time to throw, you guys,' or 'I'll point a finger at someone in the huddle and say, 'This play is going your way, let's give a little extra.' Something like that."

The next afternoon at Busch Stadium, Jimmy Hart handed off to MacArthur Lane on the second play from scrimmage and the big halfback tore up the middle for 74 yards and a touchdown. A little later, the Cardinals still ahead, 7-0, tight end Jackie Smith pulled Hart aside. "On that cut zone they're using," Smith said, "that weak safety can't get over fast enough to cover me."

A few plays later Hart looked for Smith. He saw the weak safety hanging down the middle, too close to Smith, Hart thought. Hart looked away.

Midway through the fourth period the two teams were tied, 17-17. Hart was on his way to his best day passing so far in 1970—18 of 34 for 255 yards. But two interceptions and a lapse in the St. Louis secondary had helped the Saints to stay close.

With 6:40 remaining in the game the Cardinal offense took over with the ball on its own 19. During a TV timeout Smith said to Hart for what he figured was the sixth time that day, "It's there whenever you need it." Again Hart nodded.

Jimmy threw a pass to the left side to Dave Williams, hitting the wide receiver in the chest for a first down on the Cardinal 32. On the next play he

threw to Mack Lane cutting over the middle, the big back tumbling to the ground with the ball at the Cardinal 49 for another first down.

The Cardinals huddled. Hart called for the same play—another pass over the middle to Lane. He stepped back nine yards, looked down the middle and saw Lane pressed between two defenders.

He looked elsewhere. *It's there whenever you need it.* He looked for Smith and saw him running all alone at the Saint 30. He threw. The ball arched on a shallow arc some 35 yards, dropping into Smith's cupped hands as he ran in full stride, the ball getting there in less time than it took you to read this sentence. Smith ran into the end zone for the touchdown that won the game, 24-17. The first one to arrive in the end zone to shake his hand was Hart.

In the clubhouse later Jimmy Hart tried to hide the pride with a cool, business-like look on his face as he talked about the game. But sometimes joy clutched at his throat and made him gulp as he answered the writers' questions. He could have made himself a bigger hero; instead he stressed how often Smith had told him he was open. "It sure took me long enough to see Jackie, didn't it?" he said, grinning.

That night he and Mary went to a party at punter Chuck Latourette's house. All the Cardinal players were there, black and white, as well as players who had been pro-Johnson a year earlier. This is a team that had been split along racial lines in 1966, along quarterback lines in 1969. "Now everyone's together," Mary Hart said later to someone. She glanced at her husband, who was in another corner of the room answering the telephone. "It wasn't always like that around here," she said.

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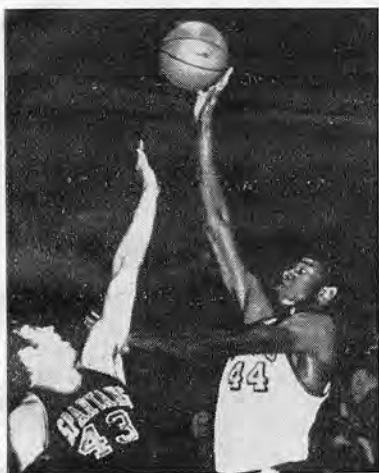
NEXT MONTH IN SPORT

THE MAN OF THE YEAR and TOP PERFORMERS OF 1970

BEHIND THE ALLEN, McLAIN AND CONIGLIARO TRADES

AN EXPERT'S PREVIEW OF THE PRO FOOTBALL DRAFT

COLLEGE ATHLETE OF THE MONTH



ANSLEY TRUITT, U. OF CALIFORNIA

Three years ago, Ansley Truitt was a 6-9 star center for the Woodrow Wilson High School basketball team in San Francisco and was named the Northern California Co-Player of the Year. Of the approximately 100 colleges bidding for him, Truitt narrowed his choice down to Seattle, New Mexico and the University of California at Berkeley. He chose Berkeley. "I had been playing in the area throughout high school, so people knew me, and my father wanted me to stay around so he could see me play," Ansley says.

A lot of people beside Mr. Truitt are happy that his son stuck close to home. For one, there's Cal basketball coach Jim Padgett, who wound up with one of the most promising young big men in the country. Then there are the poor kids in the ghettos of the Bay area, who for the past three summers have had an athlete and a friend to look up to—literally and figuratively.

Truitt, now a junior, averaged 16.3 points per game for Cal as a sophomore, led the team in rebounds and played the kind of tough defense that had scouts making notations in their futures book. Truitt was so impressive that he was one of 20 or so players who were invited last summer to Hank Iba's Olympic Development Camp in Colorado Springs, Colorado. The purpose was to familiarize themselves with the

nuances of international play in anticipation of Munich in 1972.

But Truitt had trouble with his left knee at Iba's camp, which was diagnosed as a piece of bone in the tendon, and he had to leave to have an operation. When he recovered, he headed back to school and his regular summer job. For three summers now he has worked, through the NCAA, in a ghetto youth program sponsored by the Health, Education and Welfare Department. The idea of the program is to reach the kids through sports and influence them to continue their educations. Ansley feels it's working. "I think I've done some good," he says. "A lot of young people look up to athletes. Seeing us makes them strive for a different kind of life, because if they see that we've come so far it makes them try a little harder to make something out of themselves. They're really eager to learn what sports are all about. I can remember when I was helped along by others, so it really gives me a good feeling to help someone else."

Ansley may have had some help along the way, but it was his own dedication to basketball and his skill that provided the bulk of his motivation. Born in West Point, Georgia, he moved to San Bernadino, California, just before his 14th birthday, then moved to San Francisco a year and a half later. Lacking experience, he was a 6-6½ benchsitter as a sophomore at Woodrow Wilson, but by his junior year grew to 6-8, moved up to a starting position, averaged 12.3 points and 19 rebounds per game and was selected one of the top 100 high school players in the country by a national magazine. As a 6-9 senior, he averaged 22.5 points and 15 rebounds and led his team to an undefeated season and the Northern California championship. He shared the Northern California Player of the Year honors with Phil Chenier, who, coincidentally, is now a teammate at Cal.

There was no doubt who was player of the year at Berkeley last season. There's little doubt who will be this year. Or next. Last season Ansley finished fourth in scoring and sixth in rebounding in the super tough Pacific Eight Conference, and he did it while suffering from what was then diagnosed as tendonitis of the knee but subsequently turned out to be that piece of bone removed in the summer. The pain in his knee severely limited his practice time last year, so coach Padgett is looking for much bigger things this season.

"Speaking as objectively as any coach can about his own player—and I have no axe to grind—he's got to be one of the outstanding ones in the country," says Padgett. "He's very mobile for his size and an extremely fine outside shooter. He reminds you of a big pro forward because he weighs about 225 to 230, is a great jumper and has great reactions on defense—a real shot blocker."

As high as Padgett is on Truitt as a ballplayer, he thinks even more of him as a person. "He's simply outstanding," the coach says. "As far as attitude, dedication and being a gentleman are concerned, you'd have to go a long ways to find anyone better. If a coach could recruit this kind of young man every year he'd really be in business. I know I sound evangelical, but believe me this youngster is a very unique individual. He has a lot of class, a lot of quality about him, and there's no question but that he's going to be a real productive citizen for us."

"Did I say going to be? He already is."

BOB RUBIN

(Continued from page 35)

down, losing the ball, and he did it about three times in a row and Barnett said, "Hey Bradley, what time is your appointment with your psychiatrist?" And it just cracked everyone up because it looked like he was an absolute scatterbrain out there with the players.

Q: What was his reaction to all of that?

JACKSON: He was kind of embarrassed. He does funny things on the court—he's kind of like I am, looks kind of half-coordinated—but gets the job done very well. Anyhow, another time he was standing downcourt. Frazier threw a nice pass, all he had to do was react. Well, he saw it too late—he was standing all by himself—he saw it too late and he couldn't catch up to it. It went out of bounds. And Barnett turned and said, "Way to stand at the other end of the court and be daydreaming about something. You've got to go to your psychiatrist." You know what Bradley was doing? He was practicing his wrist action without the ball on the other end of the court. They're running the press and he's supposed to be downcourt. But he missed a shot so he's trying to get his wrist action better. He's like that. I suppose you heard the story in LA where he ran into the wall.

Q: Wall?

JACKSON: Well, he came in one time early to get his tickets, signed his tickets out to somebody and was joking and, with kind of reckless abandon, throwing up quick shots and jumping in the locker room pretending like he was shooting baskets.

Q: Without a ball?

JACKSON: Without a ball. He threw a hook shot and ran right into the wall and just knocked himself kind of silly. Once in a while he goes on these little crazy sprees. That's what the guys react to . . . like, this isn't the same guy once he's got his street clothes on. . . .

Camaraderie with his teammates was not always possible. Conflicts arose on the team—and even Bradley was involved. He and Holzman got into it in Chicago on December 19. The unpurged version of that incident was related by another player.

"Bill (Bradley) and Barnett got confused as to whether they were going to

stay with their men or switch on this one play that Chicago was running for Bob Love. So Love hit three straight field goals and Red yanks Bill and gives him some crap about his defense. This is the only thing to me that Red really coaches, you know. Most of our offense is from DeBusschere; he put in all the good plays and everything. We didn't have any of this stuff we have until he came last year. To get back, Red really knows defense. I give him credit for being really a good team defensive coach, so he felt he had a right to say something. Bill wheeled on him with a comment, said, 'Bull . . .,' and sat down on the bench at the time. Yeah, then Red spent the whole timeout screaming at Bradley. You know, he forgets where he is at times and he doesn't use very good judgment. Red spent the full minute screaming his butt off at Bill, about how I don't give a bleep who you are and I don't care how smart you are—all these things he'd never mentioned, you know, it just came to the top and he lost himself and he couldn't keep his cool. He just yelled and Bill just hung his head—like I'm the player and you're the coach, Bill didn't say a word."

Players were not the only ones to note Holzman's sentiments toward Bradley. After New York Times columnist Bob Lipsyte did a three-part series on Bradley, he happened to engage Holzman in a conversation on the distinction referees made about name-calling. Lipsyte had heard Holzman call an official a "plumber" and wondered, in a wry way, what reaction "truck driver" would provoke. Holzman eyed him darkly and asked if he intended to write an article about that. Yes, said Lipsyte jokingly, a five-parter. That, said the Knicks' coach, must make me more important than Bradley.

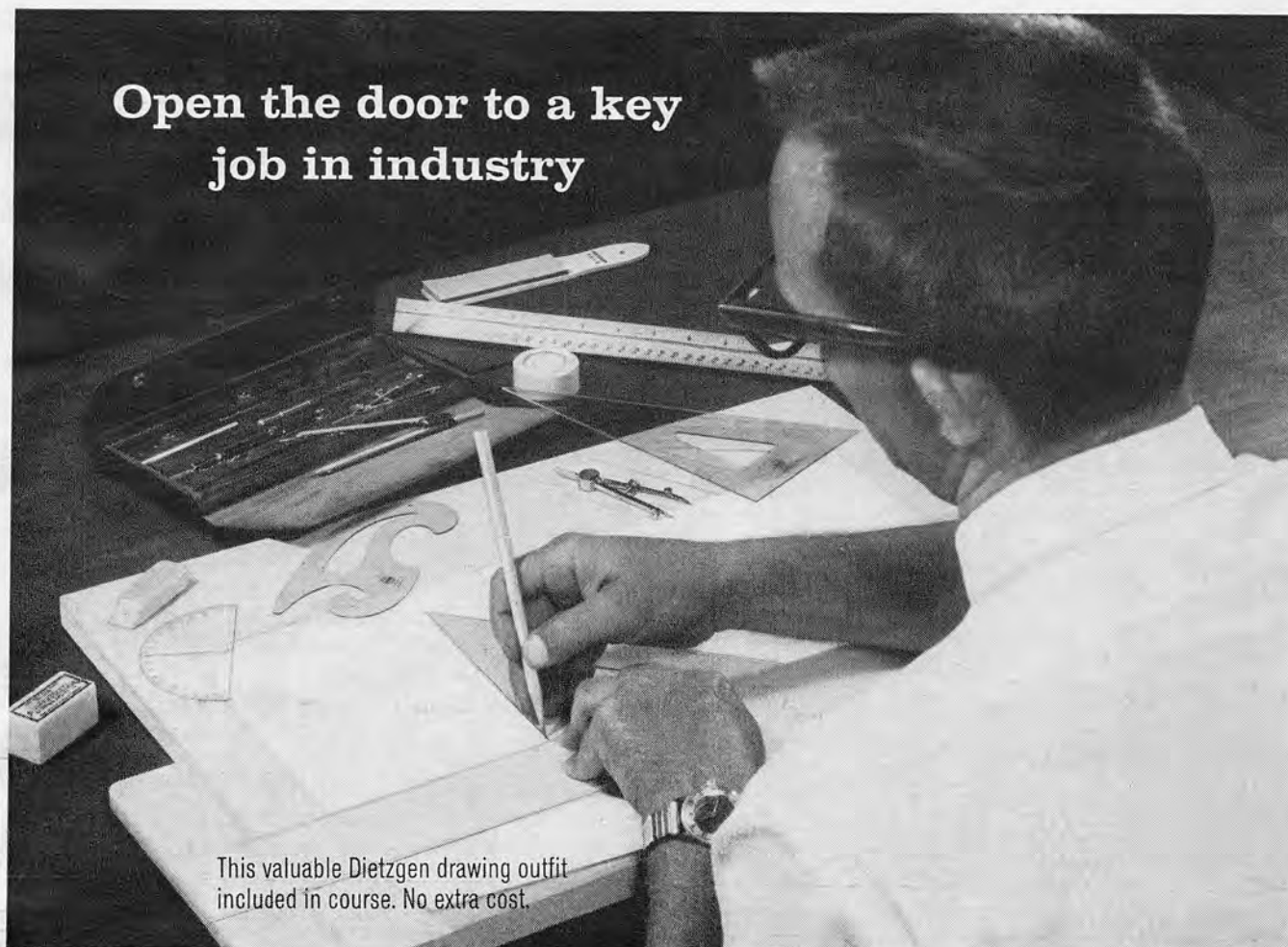
"Like over a year ago," said a player, "a couple of us were hitting Danny (Whelan) up for a cab ride and, like, Danny owed us six dollars or something. We were asking Danny for the money, and Red said something about you guys always complain about your money. He says, 'Here, you want your six dollars . . . I'm the one that got you this big contract. I was scouting at the time.' Well, I don't like to talk contract with anybody on the damn team and I especially didn't want to hear that from him, it made it sound like he was jealous of our money and I think . . . this to me is the deep-rooted feeling he has

against Bill Bradley. Because he knows that Bill signed for a half-million and I think it took Red a long time to appreciate Bradley. He was forced to start him. . . . There was no way in a lot of ballplayers' estimations that Bradley could be playing behind Cazzie.

Bradley's attitude toward the game sometimes appeared equivocal. In Windsor, Ontario, he had sat in a restaurant sluicing the wine and watching the Detroit River from a picture window. "When I get tired," he'd said, "I tend to become most reflective about being in the game. Like last night in that all-night diner I was thinking about it. 'Here you are in Windsor eating eggs after you've already eaten hot dogs, chili, ice cream and what not.' When I say, 'What am I doing here?' it's not that I shouldn't be here. It's just I want to remember the strange feeling I sometimes get. There are times when I wonder about myself being here. I wonder if I'm kidding myself. I don't think this is a waste. I don't think it detracts at all from more analytic alternatives. But there are times when I look around and see guys my age, like you or friends practicing law or business. They are doing something they can do forever and what they do now will contribute to what they'll do in 15 years and what I do for a living won't, in a solid sense of learning something."

Recalling his days at Oxford, Bradley took what seemed a morbid delight in the woeful basketball conditions there and remembered with mild amusement the school's forfeit in the quarter-finals of the English championship on a day when the squad chose to hear Robert Kennedy speak rather than play the game. And yet he could in private workouts on that Oxford court create in his mind, as schoolboys do, the crowd foe and game circumstances. That sort of response to the game once led a Princeton friend of his to say, "The deepest thing he feels is playing basketball. Maybe he wanted to change, become a mainstream Princeton man, but he still has that small-town streak. He's like the guy from the small town who comes to Princeton and goes to the deb parties and says, 'Ah, this is me.' Then the little girl back home writes and he goes running back to her. Well, that's the way Bradley is with basketball." ■

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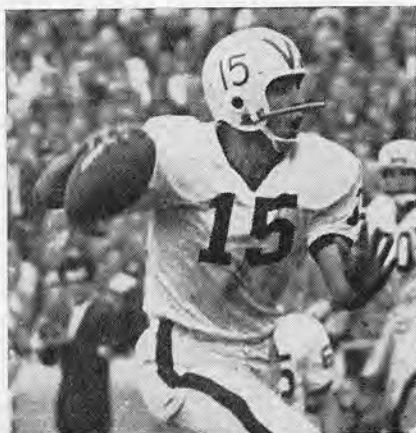
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RON VANDERKELEN

WHERE ...HÄVE YOU GONE?



"It was the most fantastic experience of my life." The words were those of Ron VanderKelen and he was talking about the 1963 Rose Bowl between his Wisconsin team and Southern California.

In that game VanderKelen electrified a huge national television audience by engineering one of the most amazing comebacks in football history.

Trailing 42-14 in the fourth quarter, Ron led his Badger team like Johnny Unitas on his finest day. Wisconsin scored three quick touchdowns, two of them on VanderKelen passes. In addition, Southern Cal was caught for a safety. Ron's TD pass to All-America Pat Richter with only 1:19 left made the score 42-37. But then time ran out. Still, it was a fantastic individual performance. In all Ron completed 33 of 48 passes for a total of 401 yards and two touchdowns. His total offense for the day was 406 yards, and that's still a Rose Bowl record.

After his magnificent showing Vandy was signed by the Minnesota Vikings, though he hadn't been drafted by any NFL team and was only a 21st round

choice of the AFL's New York Titans. He understudied Fran Tarkenton for a few years, had brief stints with Atlanta, Buffalo, and finally moved on to Canadian ball before retiring in 1968.

Today he is an account executive in the Twin Cities area of Minnesota for MacManus, John and Adams, Inc., an advertising agency. "That Rose Bowl game was a big stepping stone," he says. "It gave me a start in pro football and led ultimately to the business world."

Living in a Minneapolis suburb with his wife Lorraine and daughter, Ron still watches football as much as possible. And he doesn't really miss playing at all. "I especially don't miss those Monday mornings," he says.

He's looking forward to this year's Rose Bowl game and figures he'll be watching two excellent quarterbacks in operation—Ohio State's Rex Kern and Stanford's Jim Plunkett. "They have completely different styles," he says, "but it should make for an exciting game."

His own athletic activities these days include basketball, handball and, naturally, "bowling."

INSIDE FACTS

BY ALLAN ROTH

In recent NFL and AFL seasons most of the individual champs in key departments have played for non-title teams . . . Only twice in the last ten years has the rushing champ of the NFL played for the top club—Jim Taylor for Green Bay in 1962 and Jim Brown for Cleveland in 1964 . . . In the ten AFL seasons before this year's merger, only Houston's Billy Cannon in 1961 and Buffalo's Cookie Gilchrist in 1964 won the rushing title for a championship club.

Only three times in the past ten seasons has the individual NFL passing champ played for the title club—in 1962 and 1966 (Green Bay's Bart Starr) and in 1968 (Baltimore's Earl Morrall) . . . This has happened more frequently in the

AFL, with five title teams in the ten-year history of the league having the top passer—Lenny Dawson in 1962 and 1966 (for Dallas and Kansas City), George Blanda for Houston in 1961, Tobin Rote for San Diego in 1963 and Daryle Lamonica for Oakland in 1967.

In the last ten seasons no pass reception leader in either the AFL or NFL played for a title team . . . This last happened in the NFL in 1959, when Raymond Berry led the league with 66 catches for the champion Colts.

The leaders of last year's championship clubs finished well out of the running in the race for individual honors . . . Kansas City's Len Dawson ranked sixth among the AFL passers, and Mike Garrett, who led the Chiefs in both rushing and pass receptions, was fourth and eighth in the league, respectively . . . For Minnesota, Joe Kapp ranked tenth in passing, Dave Osborn was tenth in the NFL in rushing and the team's top re-

ceiver, Gene Washington, rated 29th in number of receptions.

Last year's individual champs in the key departments played for teams with unimpressive won-lost records . . . The rushing leaders were Gale Sayers of the Bears (1-13) and Dick Post of the Chargers (8-6) . . . The passing champs were Sonny Jurgensen of Washington (7-5-2) and rookie Greg Cook of Cincinnati (4-9-1) . . . The receiving leaders were New Orleans' Dan Abramowicz (5-9) and San Diego's Lance Alworth (8-6).

The rushing leaders in the first four Super Bowl games have been Jim Taylor in 1966 (53 yds); Ben Wilson in 1967 (62 yds); Matt Snell in 1968 (121 yds); Mike Garrett in 1969 (39 yds) . . . In addition to Snell, the only other 100-yd rushing game was produced by Baltimore's Tom Matte, with 116 yards in only 11 attempts (for a 10.55 average) in 1968.

THE JERRY LUCAS RENAISSANCE

(Continued from page 13)

the time Lucas was back at full strength the season was over.

"In June I decided to start a whole new program for myself. I began by losing weight. I'd played at 250 for the past four years. But that seemed like too much weight for a 30-year-old man like myself to be carrying around. So I lost 20 pounds in a couple weeks just by cutting out my constant snacking."

Jerry also got the keys to a Foster City gym where he enjoyed four or five hours of solitary shooting each evening: "It was the first chance I'd had to really analyze my shot, to figure out exactly what was right and wrong about it. I realized that I was using six or seven different grips, depending on my position on the court. But over the summer I was able to develop a single grip that seems to have improved my accuracy."

Another crucial problem was Jerry's ailing knees, the product of too many years on those concrete outdoor courts back in Middletown. For years trainers had tried to relieve the pain with cortisone injections, but during the summer of 1970 Lucas tried a different approach. First, he helped toughen up his legs with heavy workouts on an Exercycle. Second, he began putting ice bags on his knees for 20 minutes after every workout. And third, he began taking a new anti-inflammatory drug: "These pills make it possible for me to lead a normal life."

But the vacation and new training program were not the only factors in Jerry's renaissance: "It may sound a little corny but I really developed a new attitude toward life. After the bankruptcy I sat down and had a little talk with myself and decided that business wasn't that important to me. I had gotten out of school anxious to make a lot of money, but I found out that it just wasn't worth it."

Warrior owner Mieuli helped ease Jerry's conscience on several fronts. During the bankruptcy hassle Mieuli let Lucas have free advice from the team's legal counsel. The owner also waited until the bankruptcy action had concluded before giving Jerry a lucrative new contract. Jerry says the terms are nobody's business. Warrior PR man Harry Jupiter hints the salary is in the \$65,000-a-year range, and Mieuli himself will only say: "There are five professional athletes in San Francisco making \$100,000 a year and Jerry Lucas is one of them."

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Lucas, of course, is excited about playing for Mieuli. "One of the reasons I asked Cincinnati to trade me to San Francisco was Franklin's reputation among players. He's known throughout the league as the guy who will do anything to keep his players happy." Mieuli, of course, was stunned when the Royals offered him Lucas: "I thought it was a joke at first. Why would they want to trade away one of the top players in the NBA?" When Mieuli discovered the offer was serious he quickly swapped Jim King and Bill Turner (both King and Turner were cut from Cousy's squad in October).

By a happy coincidence Mieuli's team was also located in Jerry's dream city, San Francisco: "Of all the NBA cities this one is my favorite. Both Treva and I have been in love with this area and hoped to get out here permanently. We left a lot of friends back in Ohio, but I think the change has been a great boost for us."

Lucas says the summer training and his new peace of mind have left him free to concentrate on basketball full-time: "Last year I was just thinking about too many other things. I'd be out on the court and suddenly find my mind wandering to some sort of business problem. You just can't play that way."

Jerry's new determination shows up during Warrior practice sessions at the San Bruno recreation center near San Francisco. A flock of swooning high school players flank the court to watch Jerry and his teammates play. When one merry prankster turns off the lights momentarily, Lucas continues shooting. When the other players take a break, Lucas continues shooting. When I ask him for an interview, Lucas says yes and continues shooting.

Lucas is happy to talk basketball even if his knees have to stick into my car radio knobs during the ride back to his Foster City home. Sportswriters often say basketball players are the gentlemen of the athletic world. This certainly holds true for Lucas. He is Mr. Clean. Even when he tries to tell a dirty joke in the locker room it doesn't come off.

At the house Jerry is greeted by Treva, his six-year-old son and five-year-old daughter. Soon he is stretching out on a den couch, gazing at the tropical fish. Behind him is a wall full of trophies which will definitely crash to the floor in the next San Francisco earthquake. His words remind me of those Clair Bee sports books I devoured

as an adolescent. Jerry is the true gentleman who seldom loses his cool: "After our Middletown High School team won 76 games in a row we were upset in the state championships. A lot of people thought it was strange that I wasn't upset about getting beat. But I don't think losing one game out of 77 is so bad, it's still a pretty good record."

Jerry also remains the dedicated team player: "Some pros are anxious to score a little more, figuring it will help them get more money at contract time. But I figure there's more money for a team that works together and wins in the playoffs. One superstar just isn't enough. That's why I was glad to see the Knicks win last year. They don't care who's scoring, all they worry about is staying ahead."

"The problem in the NBA is that the 24-second rule makes some guys think they have to get a shot off right away. But if you pass three or four times and work the ball to the weak side, someone's bound to be open and able to get off a better shot. That was one of our problems last year, we didn't work for the good shot."

Strategist Lucas says he hopes to play four more seasons. He's thought about coaching but doesn't think he has the right temperament: "A lot of players probably wouldn't want to play for me because on certain things I would be an absolute dictator. I'd be tough, demanding and insist on a special approach. I'm afraid only certain kinds of players would fit into my system."

Lucas prefers working with younger players and next June he and teammate Jeff Mullins will open a mobile basketball camp for athletes in San Francisco, Oakland, San Jose, Sacramento, Stockton, Carmel, Santa Rosa and maybe Hawaii: "It's the ideal summer job for me. I'll be able to keep working on my own game while working with youngsters. It's really gratifying to help these kids with their game while making a little money on the side."

Jerry says some San Francisco businessmen have proposed other ventures that would take advantage of his name: "But I'm just not interested. Since the bankruptcy I've lost interest in business. I'm just not going to think about it until I finish playing pro ball."

Lucas says his prime goal is sparking the Warriors to an NBA title: "I've won every award I've ever dreamed of. Now I'd like to focus on building a championship team. I really think Franklin Mieuli and San Francisco

deserve it."

Jerry had his work cut out of him early the season. Nate Thurmond was recuperating from a pulled hamstring muscle, and the ballhandling was sloppy and defense ragged. During one game coach Al Attles himself had to get out of his sweatsuit and spark a rally to get the team out of the doldrums.

Many of these problems were clear in the season opener against Detroit. Despite Jerry's fine performance the Warriors simply could not keep up with the Pistons. The visitors riddled the San Francisco defense with their fast-break again and again. Dave Bing and Jimmy Walker hit consistently from the outside while Bob Lanier dominated the boards.

As the Pistons took command Franklin Mieuli and his first nighters drowned their sorrows in wine. Some of the wittier patrons joked about the incongruity of a black tie dinner in the midst of a basketball crowd. But it was hard to laugh, particularly at the final buzzer when Detroit had won, 120-106. Mieuli's black tie friends offered their condolences. First there was a young girl in a low cut gown who gave him a little kiss. Then an aging dowager, dabbing her moist eyes with a hanky, offered condolences. Next came a man with pink ruffled shirt sleeves popping out of his dinner jacket: "Don't worry Franklin, dear, we'll defeat them next time." Another man tried to play court jester: "Maybe if you shave your beard it'll change your luck."

Mieuli just couldn't laugh. But he did perk up when the announcer declared that the high point man was "JEREE LOOCUS with 31." In the owner's mind Lucas seemed to be a ray of hope: "You know the first time I saw him was right here in the Cow Palace in the 1960 NCAA playoffs and I just hated him. He just killed California and I just hated him for it. Now by some miracle I got him playing for us."

Franklin hopes Lucas can lead the Warriors to a championship. But even if the team doesn't make it, the owner figures Jerry can serve another purpose: "The Warriors don't have any retired superstars. I hope to mold Jerry into this role. Four or five years from now, when his playing days are over I expect people to point at Jerry as he walks down the street. I want to hear them say, 'There goes Jerry Lucas, retired Warriors superstar.'"

? THE SPORT QUIZ!

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1. Which pitcher had the lowest ERA in the major leagues last season?
 - a. Wayne Granger
 - b. Darold Knowles
 - c. Lindy McDaniel
2. Only one player has caught three touchdown passes in an NFL title game. He is:
 - a. Gary Collins
 - b. Dante Lavelli
 - c. Boyd Dowler
3. True or False: The highest scoring team in the NBA last season was Baltimore.
 - a. Bobby Joe Green
 - b. Paul McGuire
 - c. Sam Baker
4. He has punted more times in his career than anyone in pro football:
 - a. Bobby Joe Green
 - b. Paul McGuire
 - c. Sam Baker
5. His real name was Arnold Raymond Cream, but in the boxing ring he was known as:
 - a. Jersey Joe Walcott
 - b. Sugar Ray Robinson
 - c. Kid Gavilan
6. Name the big leaguer who last season became the fifth man in history to hit more than 30 home runs and steal over 30 bases in one year.
 - a. Doug Mohns
 - b. Alex Delvecchio
 - c. Ron Stewart
7. Gordie Howe has played in more NHL games than any other man. Who is second to Howe among active players?
 - a. Doug Mohns
 - b. Alex Delvecchio
 - c. Ron Stewart
8. In 1930 this team hit .319, the highest club batting average in the modern era:
 - a. Yankees
 - b. Giants
 - c. Cubs
9. True or False: Last year no division in baseball had more than three teams with .500 or better records.
 - a. Yankees
 - b. Giants
 - c. Cubs
10. The men listed below were all outstanding college football players. Match them with their schools:

Paul Governali	Iowa
Davey O'Brien	North Carolina
Charlie Justice	Texas Christian
Randy Duncan	Columbia
11. This famous running back averaged 9.94 yards per carry one year, an NFL record:
 - a. Deacon Dan Towler
 - b. Beattie Feathers
 - c. Marion Motley
12. One of the following pro teams is not a former NBA member. Which one?
 - a. Providence Steamrollers
 - b. St. Louis Bombers
 - c. Minnesota Muskies
13. Only one man from the old AFL is rated among the top ten passers in pro football history. He is:
 - a. Len Dawson
 - b. John Hadl
 - c. Joe Namath
14. This race driver is far ahead of his competition in terms of Grand National victories:
 - a. Paul Goldsmith
 - b. Richard Petty
 - c. Cale Yarborough
15. He scored five goals in one game, an NHL record for a rookie:
 - a. Claude Provost
 - b. Howie Meeker
 - c. Danny Grant
16. He has appeared in more NFL championship games as a head coach than any other:
 - a. Paul Brown
 - b. Vince Lombardi
 - c. Steve Owen

FOR ANSWERS TURN TO PAGE 81



Gene Elston broadcasts the Houston Astros' baseball games and special sports events on KPRC radio and KTRK-TV in Houston.



Bob Elson, the dean of active major-league baseball announcers (he's a 30-year vet), covers the White Sox over WMAQ, Chicago.



Merle Harmon is the voice of the Milwaukee Brewers on WEMP radio in Milwaukee and does Jet games on WABC radio, New York.



Ken Coleman joined station WHDH, Boston, as Red Sox announcer in 1966, after ten years covering the Cleveland Indians.

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42745 WOODSTOCK—
Soundtrack (3 records)
Cotil LP



65784 MELANIE—
Leftover Wine
Budda LP, 8TR, CASS



67509 GRASSROOTS
More Golden Grass
Dunhi LP, 8TR, CASS



33469 BEST OF BUF-
ALO SPRINGFIELD
Atco LP, 8TR, CASS



33088 MOZART—
Piano Quartets
Vangu LP



30628 JACKSON 5
Third Album
Motow LP, 8TR, CASS



67511 STEPPENWOLF
—7
Dunhi LP, 8TR, CASS



44753 TRAFFIC—John
Barleycorn Must Die
UniAr LP, 8TR, CASS



30622 TEMPTATIONS
Greatest Hits, Vol. 2
Gordy LP, 8TR, CASS



12286 DUSCHENES
RECORDER QUARTET
Baroq LP



33083 COUNTRY JOE
& FISH—CJ Fish
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS



65779 MELANIE—Cand-
les In Rain
Budda LP, 8TR, CASS



66703 CURTIS MAY-
FIELD—Curtis
Curto LP, 8TR, CASS



38358 VIKKI CARR—
Nashville By Carr
Liber LP, 8TR, CASS



33077 JOAN BAEZ—
One Day at a Time
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS



42693 KING CRIMSON
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS



17263 GREGORIAN
CHANT
Philii LP



44365 JACQUES BREL
—If You Go Away
Philii LP



28113 A MUSICAL
SEANCE
Philii LP, 8TR, CASS



39089 5TH DIMENSION
—Greatest Hits
SouCi LP, 8TR, CASS



17274 BACH—Ten
Chorale Preludes
Philii LP



16759 TCHAIKOVSKY
—1812 Overture
Mercu LP, 8TR, CASS



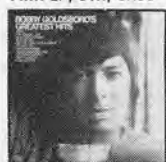
17317 CASALS—
Plays Beethoven
Phil LP



42673 LED ZEPPLIN
II
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS



34525 HELLO DOLLY—
Soundtrack
TweCe LP, 8TR, CASS



44745 BOBBY GOLDS-
BORO—Greatest Hits
UniAr LP, 8TR, CASS



38364 CANNED HEAT
—Future Blues
Liber LP, 8TR, CASS



42765 ROBERTA
FLACK—Chapter Two
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS



38367 SUGARLOAF
Liber LP, 8TR, CASS



17719 HOLST—The
Planets
MusGu LP



44712 MIDNIGHT COW-
BOY—Soundtrack
UniAr LP, 8TR, CASS



67510 THREE DOG
NIGHT—Naturally
Dunhi LP, 8TR, CASS



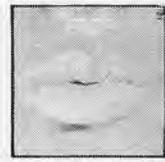
39071 5TH DIMENSION
—Age of Aquarius
SouCi LP, 8TR, CASS



44378 PAUL MAURIAT
—Gone Is Love
Philii LP, 8TR, CASS



65775 VERY BEST OF
LOVIN' SPOONFUL
KamSu LP, 8TR, CASS



44381 MYSTIC MOODS
ORCH.—English
Muffins
Philii LP, 8TR, CASS



30618 DIANA ROSS
Motow LP, 8TR, CASS



66595 BOBBY
SHERMAN
—Here Comes Bobby
Metro LP, 8TR, CASS



17008 HANDEL—
Messiah (3 records)
Philii LP



31787 MAMAS &
PAPAS—16 Greatest
Hits
Dunhi LP, 8TR, CASS



31979 JOHN COLTRANE
—Transition
Impul LP



66671 RARE EARTH
—Ecology
RarEa LP, 8TR, CASS



44758 FERRANTE &
TEICHER—Love Is
A Soft Touch
UniAr LP, 8TR, CASS



42770 IRON BUTTER-
FLY—Metamorphosis
Atco LP, 8TR, CASS



42704 CROSBY,
STILLS, NASH &
YOUNG—Deja Vu
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS



38359 IKE & TINA
TURNER—Come
Together
Liber LP, 8TR, CASS



30607 FOUR TOPS—
Still Waters Run Deep
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43860 ERROLL GAR-
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MUST YOU BUY A "MINIMUM" NUMBER OF RECORDS OR TAPES? HOW MANY?	12	12	12	10	6
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DO YOU EVER RECEIVE UNORDERED RECORDS OR TAPES?	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES
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Check one: ☐ Diners Club ☐ Master Charge
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Acct. # _____ Expiration Date _____

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RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA—The World's Largest Record and Tape Club

(Continued from page 39)

it meant something. In the first seven games of the season last year I averaged 2.7 throws in the first half when we were still in the ballgame. Nine throws in the second half when we'd already lost the ballgame. My wife kept those statistics for me. They don't keep those kind of figures in the front office."

"So they thought they couldn't mold the team to their own end with you around?"

"Right on. And they couldn't mold me, baby, so they had to get rid of me."

Well, yes, you could say that Jefferson did not fit in the mold. No sooner had he been traded to the Colts than he showed up at practice wearing a sleeveless leopard skin vest over his bare torso and a German World War II helmet, just a little reminder to the Baltimore front office that they'd traded for Roy Jefferson the ballplayer and Roy Jefferson the man. When Bill Austin was coaching the Steelers, the coach and his star receiver staged an almost daily war of nerves for control of the no man's land that lay between those two separate Jeffersons.

Ray May, Jefferson's best friend, recalls, "One day Jeff comes to the team meeting in this great big floppy Mexican sombrero and sits in the back of the room. Austin comes up and rips the hat right off him. Jeff stood up, eyeball to eyeball to Austin, and says in this thin, menacing voice, 'You better not ever touch anything I wear again . . .' And he sat back down and Austin says, 'Well, it's been a customary practice to uncover your head when you walk into the room.' The next day at practice Austin and Jeff were at it again. Austin called Jeff a 'prima donna' and there they were nose to nose, violent, just screaming at each other. Roy and Bill Austin, man, that was a trip. Roy would push Austin past the limit and Austin would push Roy. Roy got sick one week and they put him in the hospital. On Sunday morning Austin got Roy out of the hospital and told him to suit up 'cause we needed him. It was cold, the wind blowing like hell, and they kept Roy on the bench until the last few plays of the game. Roy told him if you're going to get me out of the damn hospital, at least play me and Bill Austin says, 'It turned out we didn't need you.'

"Now your front office always wants

to use ballplayers as stepping stones to keep the stuff off their own feet. Nobody going to step on Roy. That's why Roy was our Player Rep. Roy won't bend, he would just defy a person. These are the kinds of guys it takes because when the time comes to bark, Roy will bark and he'll bite if he has to.

"Yet and still, he was some kind of receiver. I always said he could catch a hundred balls a year, if he had a quarterback who could throw. Man, when he comes off that line he's slithering like a snake. Everything is moving—his arms, his head, his feet, his legs—he's just running in 17 different directions."

May grinned. "Maybe Roy was too good. They expected him to do everything and he damn near did. When he did something good the fans, the press, the coaches ignored him. And when he messed up he was crap. It's like this when people look for the sun to rise. They don't want the moon or a hazy day. Man, they want that damn sun and they want it right now. That's what Roy was: the sun. And he had to shine every day. And Roy is delicate, sensitive. The more it hurt him the things that were said to him and about him, and the more he fought back."

It was not always that way. When the Steelers asked Ray Nagel, Jefferson's coach at Utah, for a capsule portrait of their second round draft choice in 1965, he summed Jefferson up as "quiet." Brady Keyes, the Steeler star defensive back, met Jefferson before he reported to the rookie camp in the summer of 1965 and said, "he is a nice kid. He's not stuck up. Probably just a little shy."

Jefferson was born in Texarkana, Texas, in December, 1943, and moved to Oakland, California, when he was two. His father died in Oakland, his mother remarried and the family moved to Compton, near Los Angeles, when Jefferson was 11. He had a paper route, butterfly and stamp collections, was a Cub Scout, even played the ukelele. An uneventful, tranquil boyhood, as Jefferson describes it, that must have had the Steeler front office doing cartwheels. Why, with a background like that, he'd make the perfect Player Rep. Jefferson played on a Compton High school team with Flea Roberts of the Redskins, Paul Lowe of the Chargers, Roy White of the New York Yankees. "I wasn't fast enough to play halfback, the elite

job, so I was an end," he says wryly. "Even now I'm not as fast as Homer Jones, Bobby Hayes, Lance Alworth, but I'm as good, if not better, than them." He was good enough in high school to get offers from Oregon, Oregon State, Arizona State, Iowa.

"The only school I wanted to go to was UCLA, but I had a 2.7 index and I needed a 3.0 to get in. I messed up a life-science course my junior year and to get into UCLA I had to make up the course at Compton Junior College. I got B's in all my lab work and come to find out the final exam was the same night as my high school graduation. I asked the teacher to give me a makeup exam. I mean I begged that cat. I cried, but he wouldn't let me. I said some things to him then, and maybe I should have said more. Anyway it was no UCLA for me and I went to Utah instead, because my cousin Marv Fleming was over there.

His future wife, Candy, was also over there, a woman universally described as the best thing to happen to Roy Jefferson. "If it wasn't for Candy," says Ray May, "Roy wouldn't be where he is now. When he gets in trouble he turns to Candy. She can talk to him and he'll listen. Through her and those two kids he has something he can call his own. If it wasn't for them he would damn near kill himself he's got so much churned up energy in him."

So Jefferson came out of Utah in 1965 with a good wife, a reputation for being quiet, All-America honors as an end and a defensive back and a handsome bonus from the Steelers who outbid or outmaneuvered the AFL's San Diego Chargers for his services. And five years later he is sitting in a motel room in San Diego traded to a new team for peanuts after back-to-back All-Pro seasons in which he has gained over 1000 yards in the air. His eyes are smoldering and he is not noticeably quiet. Between him and me—black and white—race hangs heavily in the air. It is impossible not to feel its constriction, impossible not to feel that Jefferson is pleased that I am saddened, even squirming.

"Suppose," I ask, "you were white over at Pittsburgh, would your career be any different?"

"I wouldn't want to be white. But shoot yeah. Jesus! If I was white over there I'd have got the world over there. The World. I was the best speaker they had on the team. Baby, speaking is one thing I can do. You think I was getting

those \$400, \$500 engagements that popped up every once in a while? Shee! Unheard of. Unheard of."

There was doubtless some truth there, and a sad misunderstanding as well. Sad, because the Rooneys, who own and run the Steelers, have a deserved reputation as fair, generous and honorable men, albeit a shade on the paternalistic side. True, because Jefferson is generally agreed to be a colorful, if windy, after-dinner speaker.

Everything changed for Roy Jefferson at Pittsburgh. The press and the Steeler management were quick to latch onto Jefferson's "quietness," his "shyness"—those arch qualities of modesty that America professes to admire. They were not so quick to discern his sensitivity, the aching need to excel, the hope, bitterness and, in the end, the confused royalties that grew out of America's racial antagonisms in the late '60s. As Jefferson became a trifle more flamboyant, outspoken, the papers started calling him Lord Jeff. Then it was the Jefferson Airplane, a mod and flattering enough designation. But if the Jefferson Airplane could fly, it could also drop some balls, a tendency that stirred the Pittsburgh sports *cum* aviation writers to talk of "nose-dives" and "crash-landings." That grated Jefferson, ate at his pride, his compulsion to be the best, even perfect.

And, in truth, Jefferson's ascent to stardom had not been easy. In his first three years of pro ball his talents had been tinkered with as he was shifted from offense to defense and back again.

Then came the three years under Bill Austin, not an exceptionally cheery experience for either man. In 1968—which was to be Jefferson's first big year as a flanker with 58 catches for 1074 yards—Austin decided before training camp to convert Jefferson into a defensive back again.

As Dan Rooney explains it, "At the end of '67 Bill got this idea that Roy would make a fantastic defensive back. Our secondary was our biggest weakness. So Bill told Roy he wanted to convert him during the offseason and Roy didn't say much, said he'd try and help the team any way he could. And remember Roy wants to win. It's not enough for him to be the best personally. He's got to play with a winner. Camp got underway and Roy was doing what was asked, but he didn't like it and the less he liked it the worse he did at it. I guess I misread it. I should have seen what he was thinking at the time. Maybe we made a mistake there."

Yes, you could say that. The "quiet" rookie was becoming a little more outspoken, a shade abusive even. And there were plenty of Steelers who thought he had ample reason to be. Enough of them to vote him in as Player Rep, the official gadfly on the hide of management. By the time Chuck Noll took over as Steeler coach in 1969 the pattern was set, the hostilities too ingrained, the misunderstandings untended to for too long a time. Jefferson had begun to assert himself as a matter of survival. And the player strike opened many old wounds. Accordingly, Jefferson challenged Noll, management, the press. As Rooney said, he liked to win and he pushed and goaded the Steeler establishment, until they had no choice but to deal him off for what they could get. It was sad, unnecessary and perhaps inevitable.

Now in the motel room he is saying, "If you're black, baby, you're in a world of trouble. I'm not going to tell you the truth about all that's happened to me. I'm no damn martyr. I got a wife, two kids, two dogs I'm too much in love with them for that. Damn right I'm mad. I'm starting all over again like a damn rookie. And Roy Jefferson, his wife, his two kids and his dogs is all I'm interested in. Screw the rest of them."

There is self-pity here certainly, bitterness and hatred. But occasionally in the pauses between the fireworks there is the sense of vulnerability, of another gentler man, of some inner turmoil and confusion.

At Pittsburgh I tell John Brown that Jefferson has repeatedly told me that the only things he cares for are his family.

"Did he say that? That's bluster, man," says Brown. "Every time you call on Jeff to do something for people, for kids whether they're black or white, he'll do it, he'll bust his butt doing it. He used to get mad when the other guys on the team wouldn't do things for people. We were together working on a hunger project in Mississippi and Roy kept saying, 'These damn people around here got it made and they don't want to do anything for anyone else.' If Jeff tells you he doesn't care about other people he's just bulling you, 'cause he wants you to see big, tough, mean Roy Jefferson. That ain't him. He's lonely, man. He's got to be the Man and he's afraid, afraid he won't be."

"What kind of guy is Roy Jefferson?" Mean Joe Greene muses outside the Steeler locker room. "Well, during

the strike Rocky Bleier, who got wounded over in Vietnam, wanted to hold out with the veterans, but Roy told the team he wanted Rocky to report to camp with the rookies so he'd have a better chance. The guys who were in town during the strike Roy insisted they stay at his house, and he'd feed them, so they didn't have to spend money at any hotel. Roy got a raw deal here in Pittsburgh. He was a 'good black athlete' until he started to speak up, then they turned thumbs down."

For all his fury, his egoism, there seemed to be, as Roy May says, "more to Jefferson than meets the eye." Roy Jefferson, the ballplayer, is formed, a finished piece of work. It took some time to put together, but it is obviously there on the field to see. Six games into the '70 season, the Colts lead their division with a 5-1 record. They have no running game, their quarterbacking is spotty, but thanks to the receiving corps they have a workable offense. Jefferson is drawing his usual double coverage, opening up Eddie Hinton on the other side. Even so, Jefferson is still in the thick of the AFC pass-catching race, has won two games for the Colts in the closing minutes of play and has preserved another one with less than two minutes to go on a 55-yard touchdown pass with the Colts ahead by one.

"It's beautiful over here in Baltimore," he tells me. "I'm accepted now, getting along with everybody, and it looks like we're going to win this thing. Touchdowns. That's what I'm looking for this year, that's what wins games."

I asked if distance and time have healed some of the Pittsburgh wounds.

A certain tenseness creeps into his voice. He says, "Those are the things that happen to you as a person. They are hard to forget. Playing ball for a winning team, being accepted in Baltimore—those are nice—but they don't wipe out the past."

Roy Jefferson, football player, has pushed and clawed and fought to be the best around, and maybe he is. The man is still in flux, elusive, consumed by the warring forces in his own nature. The Steelers have traded away the man even though they needed the ballplayer. That was a harsh, perhaps a premature judgment, and it had to hurt Jefferson. The Steelers had let the worse Roy Jefferson win out. Perhaps he and the Colts will find the best. You could not escape the sense that it was there. ■

(Continued from page 41)

When we reached the top of the hill, about 80 yards from the caribou, I tried to put an arrow in him, and it was just ridiculous in that wind. I got close the first couple of shots, but from then on, it was humorous.

I started easing down the hill until I got within 40 yards of the caribou. I took aim, let fly and hit the caribou. My arrow just slid off him. I shot again, and the arrow slid off again. I was caught in a crosswind; my arrows were actually going sideways. They probably wouldn't have hurt a rabbit. Finally, the caribou jumped up and ran. We chased him for about two hours and never caught up.

Later in the day, when I was still hoping to get my caribou, we spotted a herd, and Denny brought his Super Cub down on a frozen river. The herd turned away from us, and as we went to take off, I felt the plane lurch—I thought we might have hit a bump—and then Denny gunned the engine and we were airborne.

"You feel that?" Denny said, when we were in the air.

"Yeah," I said. "What the hell was it?"

"I'll take you back and show you," he said.

Denny, who was a Navy pilot during World War II, circled around and came in low over the river. I saw a huge hole in the ice, maybe ten feet across, and black, icy water and swirling through the hole.

"We went through the ice," Denny said.

"That's nice," I said.

After that, I didn't mind too much going back to Kotzebue without my caribou. I was just happy to get back at all.

February 18

We went out looking for wolverine this morning and didn't see hardly anything except moose—big, heavy ones. The moose seemed pretty relaxed. They must have known they weren't in season.

We couldn't find the wolverines and we couldn't shoot the moose, so, in the afternoon, we went after wolves. Up here above the Arctic Circle, it's standard procedure to hunt wolves from planes. There's no limit on wolves—in fact, there's a bounty on them—and if you don't shoot them from a plane,

you've got a damn slim chance of shooting them at all. They run up to 200 pounds, and they're smart, crafty animals. I've been hearing stories about wolves running relay races to wear out caribou; one wolf will chase the caribou for a mile, then another wolf will take over for a mile, then another, until the caribou collapses.

Denny and I cruised around until we spotted a pack of six wolves—four greys and two blacks. We saw the blacks first; they showed up pretty clearly against the snow and ice. "Let's go get 'em," Denny said.

He brought the Super Cub down to about 50 feet off the ground and opened the door.

"Go ahead," he said. "Lean out. One shot. That's all. If you miss, we'll go by again. Don't try to get two shots."

I wrapped my seat belt around my leg; I didn't intend to get my wolf by diving on him. I loaded up the 12-gauge shotgun Denny had given me—I was using No. 4 buckshot—and leaned out the door. I had a perfect view: The propeller in front of me, the wing struts off to the right and up, the skis down below. I was left with a little triangle to shoot through.

I really felt beautiful. There we were, 50 feet off the frozen ground, bouncing around, my eyes tearing from the wind, just a perfect chance for me to put some buckshot in the propeller or in the wing or somewhere clever like that. I fired—and I missed the propeller, the wing and the wolf. I led him a little too much.

Denny swung around again, I leaned out again, and this time I hit the wolf solid, right in the chest. When we circled around, he was sprawled out, dead.

We decided to go after the other black one, too. Denny moved in on him, and I put a shell in, took the safety off, leaned out and, suddenly, we hit a helluva draft. I bounced and accidentally squeezed the trigger, and the gun went off, still almost 100 yards from the wolf, and Denny looked at me like I was crazy. He circled around again, and I was a little more careful and hit the wolf in the shoulder. We made one more pass and this time I killed him.

Bill Simms, who was flying behind us, landed and picked up the first wolf, and Denny and I went after the second, a huge wolf, close to 200 pounds, a beautiful trophy. He looked beautiful, but he sure didn't smell beautiful. He'd been dead almost two hours, and, since

Denny was taking pictures, I was elected to pick up the wolf, put it over my shoulders and carry it to the plane. It was the foulest-smelling thing imaginable. I almost gagged.

The wolf still wasn't completely stiff, and when I threw it over my shoulders, I held the back legs in one hand and the throat in the other, balancing it. I started toward the plane, and after I'd gone about half a dozen steps, the wolf let out a growl.

I almost fainted. Apparently, the wolf had some wind in his stomach, and the pressure of my shoulders against his body forced out the air and caused the growling sound. I knew he had to be dead, but I put him down, anyway. The combination of the growl and the odor was just too much for me. Denny and I took turns carrying him the rest of the way to the plane; neither of us could stand the smell for too long.

Now I've got three Alaskan trophies—my polar bear and two wolves—with one day of hunting still to go. Plenty of business for my friends down at the Knopp Taxidermists in Spokane, Washington.

February 19

Shortly before noon, we landed on the ice off Kivalina, an Eskimo village about the size of a football field. Practically the entire population—maybe 150 people—ran out to see our plane. They didn't see planes too often; Kivalina's right on the Chukchi Sea, not too far south of the Arctic Ocean.

Art Fields and another Eskimo, a fellow named Henry, were backing up Denny and me today, and after they landed their plane, they introduced us to one of the local hunters, Jimmy something or other. Right away, Jimmy started making fun of my big gun, my .300 Winchester Magnum.

He thought that gun was big enough to hunt whales, and in his own special kind of English, he started telling me what a great hunter he was. His favorite targets were seals. "Every time I go out and hit a good place," Jimmy said, "I just shoot him without missing anything. I use .22 Hornet."

Jimmy brought out this Winchester Model 70 .22 Hornet that had to be at least 50 years old. He'd broken the sight off it and had replaced it with his own hand-made sight, just a piece of metal with a notch filed in it. The gun

(Continued on page 80)

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(Continued from page 78)

fascinated me, and I asked Jimmy if I could borrow it for some seal hunting. "Sure you use," he said.

I turned to Denny. "Let's go hunt seals," I said.

We could see that the Eskimo hunters had been out in their sleds along the coast, so we decided to go farther out, beyond the leads, the breaks in the ice, and look for *oogaruk*, bearded seals that go up to more than 1000 pounds.

Art Fields suggested that I not use the .22 Hornet, that it was all right for small seals, but not for *oogaruk*. He told me to use the 12-gauge shotgun instead.

Denny flew low, of course, and we spotted a big bearded seal near the edge of a floating cake of ice. He looked like a 1000-pounder. Denny came in on him, nose-to-nose, and I used my wolf-hunting technique again, hanging out the door, shooting through the small triangle. I knew I had a tough shot. I couldn't tell how fast we were moving, so I didn't know how far in front of the seal to aim. I finally settled on aiming five feet in front of him, and my pellets hit the ice about a foot and a half in front of him, and the big seal jumped safely into the water.

We swung around, and, in front of us, Henry and Art Fields moved straight in toward a smaller seal. Art hit him with a shotgun blast alongside the head. The seal began flapping around, heading for the water. Denny brought us in from the side, and I hit the seal with a perfect shot, a lucky shot, right in the ear. He toppled immediately.

Then we had to go down and get him. The ice cake was about 700 feet long, maybe 200 feet wide, surrounded by a thin layer of "green" ice, new ice. The seal was lying at one end of the cake, right at the edge of the green ice. Denny dropped the plane in from the other end and stopped it in less than 500 feet, just short of a treacherous-looking crack. We got out of the plane, tested the ice, found it firm, then walked over to the seal. Art and Henry landed, too, skinned the seal and cleaned him—they ate the intestines raw, for a snack—and I had another trophy, a silvery 500-pound bearded seal.

On our way back to Kivalina, late in the afternoon, we decided to take one last look for wolverine. We flew up a river for about 25 or 30 miles, and, just as we were ready to give up, I caught a glimpse of a black spot mov-

ing down the ice. "Denny," I said. "What's that?"

He looked down. "That's your wolverine," he said.

He landed about three miles down the river, and we walked back a few hundred yards and waited for our wolverine. He came hopping down the river, bouncing along sort of like a cross between a jackrabbit and a kangaroo.

I could feel the excitement building up in me; I'd heard so many stories, almost legends, about the wolverine. He's not a big animal, only 70 or 75 pounds, but he's extremely vicious. He's one of the few animals that's been known to kill purely for the pleasure of killing. Unprovoked, he's attacked men, even trying to fight his way into cabins. He's got a great set of outsized teeth, almost like a bear's teeth in a badger's body.

I cocked Jimmy's .22 Hornet and waited until the wolverine came within 50 yards. Then I fired. I hit him, and he darted into some willows in the middle of the frozen river. Denny and I were both kind of reluctant to go into the bushes after him. Especially me. I'd heard too many tales of his viciousness. I think he frightened me more than my polar bear.

Art Fields was circling overhead. "You hit him," Art told us, "and he's hunkered down in the willows."

We moved in, very gingerly, until we spotted the wolverine. He was moving, but he wasn't very aggressive any more. I aimed the .22 Hornet and put two or three more shots in him, and he was dead. When I picked him up, I felt kind of let down, kind of embarrassed. Dead, he looked very small, and not very dangerous. Only his teeth hinted at his fierceness.

We flew back to Kivalina, and I returned Jimmy's rifle, gave him my unused shells and thanked him. Then we flew on to Kotzebue, and a few hours later I was in a jet, heading toward Anchorage, my Alaskan safari completed.

I intend to go back to Alaska. I don't think I'll ever hunt another polar bear, or another wolf, or another wolverine. But I've got an invitation to go sheefishing, and that's supposed to be the finest fresh-water fighting fish in North America. And I want to get my caribou. And Art Fields wants me to go gold-panning with him. He says he wants to show me a boulder, thousands of pounds, made entirely of jade.

I'd like to see that. I really would. ■

WORLD SERIES DIARY

(Continued from page 17)

who got all eight batters he faced, pulled us out.

Well, goodbye, Cincinnati, and your nice new Riverfront Stadium. Now the Bengals have the place all to themselves. There won't be any more baseball here until next year.

Monday,

October 12 . . . Baltimore—OFF DAY

In the morning workout, Brooksie got up in batting practice, and I said, "He can't hit. He's in the twilight of his career." Everybody laughed, and some of the guys started calling me "Twilight." The press was having a field day, with all the papers featuring that crack of Anderson's the other day.

Then the whole thing turned out to be a mistake—a misquote, to be exact. Anderson hadn't even used the word "twilight." All he had said when asked why he let Gullett pitch to me in the ninth yesterday was, "At this stage of his career, I didn't think Frank Robinson could handle a flamethrower like Gullett." I should have known it was a misquote. Some writers misquote things you say when you're alone with them. When 40 writers are trying to interview one World Series manager, only about six actually hear what he says. The rest get it second-, third- and fourth-hand.

Later in the day, I read that Sparky apologized, which, knowing the man, I was sure he would. He just isn't the kind of a guy to try to hurt anyone.

A guy asked me today if I thought the Series would go back to Cincinnati and I said, "No way." But when he wanted to know if we'd take it in four straight, I said, "Right now, I'm not anticipating four straight. I'm anticipating three straight, and then I'll anticipate four straight."

I think we may win it in four straight. We won those two in Cincinnati without even using McNally and me being collared nine times. McNally will pitch tomorrow and maybe I'll bust out tomorrow. I feel good and I'm swinging the bat good. I'll bust out before this is over.

I hope it only goes four games because I have to be in Puerto Rico by a week from Thursday. I'm managing the Santurce club again this year, and I can use an extra day or two off. I love managing and I hope to manage in the big leagues some day. It's a hell of a challenge because you have to

think for a whole ballclub, not just for yourself. In Puerto Rico I'm a bench manager. It's against the rules for an active major leaguer to play after four years in the majors unless he's a Latin-American. Those guys play all year 'round, which I think is good. Cuellar had to stay out one winter season, and he wound up with a sore arm and a lousy year in the majors. Now he plays winter ball again, and he's a consistent 20-game winner for us.

This will be my third year as Santurce's manager. I think I'm better now than when I started two years ago, and I'll be still better after another year. The color business doesn't bother me. If I can manage, somebody will hire me without respect for my color.

Speaking of color, Cliff Keane, the wisecracking little Boston writer, came over as I was leaving the field after the workout. As usual, he started ribbing me, calling me "Twilight" and telling me to get a light bat so I could hit the damn ball, when Buford, Blair and Hendricks joined us. Keane looked around and said, "What the hell is this? I'm surrounded by black guys. What are you—Black Panthers?"

We all broke up. If anybody else had said it we would have blown our stacks, but Keane can make the touchiest subjects sound funny. Which only goes to show it isn't what you say that counts, but how you say it.

Tuesday,

October 13 . . . Baltimore—THIRD GAME

Well, I busted out, all right. A single to right sending the runner on first to third, a homer over the centerfield fence in the third and a single in the seventh. Brooksie was great again—two doubles and another fabulous play in the field. He's a cinch to win that SPORT Magazine car for the outstanding player in the Series.

My single should have been a double, but the umpire called me out when I tried to stretch it. I slid past Helms when he took a throw from McRae, and the guy never tagged me. I kicked and Earl came out to back me up, but of course we didn't get anywhere. It didn't matter, as far as the game was concerned. McNally went the distance and we won, 9-3, for our third straight. Now I really do think we can wrap it up tomorrow.

I didn't change anything from the way I swung in Cincinnati. The only difference was that this time I was hitting good pitches well, and over there I wasn't. I don't know why. I certainly

didn't feel any different today.

Being home helped, I suppose. The fans were great, and gave me all kinds of support. I was on TV after the game, then had a chance to pick up my children, Kevin and Nichelle, and kiss them before I went into the locker room. My wife, Barbara, sat with them and the other Oriole families behind our dugout.

We've really got the Reds down—three straight, with two more games here. I think we'll just have to play one. And I *know* we won't have to go back to Cincinnati, because if we lose tomorrow we'll win Thursday. We're hot and we're ready. We've been ready right from the start. I think we were just as good last year, but we relaxed a little—especially after we won the first



ANSWERS
From page 73

1 c. 2 a. 3 False—Philadelphia. 4 b. 5 a. 6 Tommy Harper. 7 b. 8 b. 9 True. 10 Governali—Columbia; O'Brien—Texas Christian; Justice—North Carolina; Duncan—Iowa. 11 b. 12 c. 13 a. 14 b. 15 b. 16 c.

game. We lost the next four in a row because they had all the breaks and their pitching was great.

I guess we could be over-confident this time, but we're not relaxing. We still have to win another game, and we're all well aware of it. But we're better than last year in one important respect—attitude. The attitude of this club is marvelous. Nobody thinks of himself, just the team. We're a unit, not a bunch of guys playing for ourselves. Why, hell, even our big hitters give themselves up to move runners up without Earl asking them to.

We all got a kick out of McNally's grand slam in the sixth. He's not the world's greatest hitting pitcher, but he's got a little groove up around the belt, and if he gets a pitch there he'll hit it.

I took a ribbing in the locker room. Blair, who lockers beside me, grinned and said, "We knew you weren't over the hill." And Richert said, "The twilight turned into dawn." Beautiful.

Poetic. I can do without any more of that twilight business.

Wednesday,

October 14 . . . Baltimore—FOURTH GAME

Well, for seven innings it looked like we would pull a four-game sweep. Then along came May in the eighth. With two on, nobody out and us leading, 4-3, he whacked Eddie Watt's first pitch into the leftfield seats, and that kept the Reds alive another day.

Before the game somebody asked me what you need to win four straight. That's easy—solid pitching, good defense and good hitting. We've had them all, and we had most of them today. One bad pitch did the business. Otherwise, Watt did well. Struck out three men in the eighth.

I had a fair day—I-for-4, a single in the third off Nolan. I faced Gullett once—in the sixth—and fled to left. I still don't see him as faster than some of the pitchers in our league. A good prospect—yes. Fast—yes. But he's only a kid. He still has to prove himself.

It's no big thing that we lost today. We were due for one bad break after winning every game we've played since September 17. So the Reds won a ballgame. What's so strange about that? But they didn't stop Brooksie. He went 4-for-4—a homer and three singles. And he was great in the field, as always. I don't think the Reds will ever get anything by him. If it's on the left side of the infield he'll get it somehow. I wish I could think of another word except fabulous, but that's the only way to describe him.

I still hold to my prediction that we won't go back to Cincinnati. We'll finish this thing off tomorrow right here in Baltimore.

Thursday,

October 15 . . . Baltimore—FIFTH GAME

We almost didn't play today. It rained all morning—poured some of the time—and we didn't have either batting or infield practice. For a while, it looked as if we'd have to wait until tomorrow. But the rain let up around noon, and we got going just a little after one, the time we were scheduled to start.

Cuellar got off to a bad one—gave up three doubles and three runs in the first inning. But after that he pitched eight great innings. Except for two singles in the seventh, the Reds didn't get another hit off him.

I finished up well—a homer to left off Jim Merritt in the first and a single

in the eighth off Washburn. The home run was on a slider down and in. I knew it was gone because I pulled it and hit it with the fat of my bat. It came at a good time because it cut their lead down from 3-0 to 3-2. We got seven more runs and won an easy 9-3 game to wrap up the Series.

Although they only won one game, the Reds certainly didn't disgrace themselves. They're a great team, and we were lucky they had such pitching troubles. You lose a couple of great ones like Wayne Simpson and Merritt (who started today's game with a sore arm and had to leave in the third inning), and you're in big trouble. It would be like the Orioles losing Cuellar and Palmer.

I'm really proud to be on this ballclub. It's the best club I've ever played for, and the best in baseball right now. Yet I got more of a kick out of winning in 1966, when we beat the favored

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29. M.V. Rubio—36-39, 42.

Dodgers four straight. That was my first year in Baltimore, and I *did* have something to prove because I had just been traded from Cincinnati. I had a great year, won the Triple Crown, was the league's MVP, starred in the World Series—did everything.

Brooksie had the most tremendous Series I've ever seen, and rightfully won the SPORT Dodge Charger. Today he made another unbelievable play—dived parallel to the ground and caught a line foul smash off Bench in the ninth. How the hell he got over there I'll never know, but he did. A marvelous ballplayer, a marvelous guy. We're good friends, and have been since I joined this club in 1966.

Now I'm off for Puerto Rico and the Santurce ballclub. I'll have another winter of managerial experience, and some day I hope I'll have the first of a lot of summers managing in the majors. In the meantime, I'll be back to play next year and for a few years after that.

The twilight is still a long way off. This is just mid-afternoon. ■

CURT GOWDY'S COLLEGE BASKETBALL ALL-AMERICA

(Continued from page 27)

Scholastic Magazine listed him as the outstanding high school player in the country.

Had we not made an exception for the exceptional sophomore, Julie Erving of Massachusetts would have been our first-team choice at forward. As it is, he surely will become the Redmen's first basketball All-America. A remarkable success story, Erving was 6-3½ when coach Jack Leaman recruited him. Leaman thought Erving would reach another inch in college. But the junior has sprouted to 6-6 and Leaman now thinks his young star will grow another two inches before graduation.

As a 6-4½ sophomore, Erving was the only major-college player besides Gilmore to average over 20 rebounds a game. And he averaged 25.7 points a game despite taking a moderate 19 shots per contest. ("He could have scored 40 a game if we wanted him to," insists Leaman.) Erving picked up valuable experience while traveling with a U.S. Olympic development team last summer. He was named MVP in three of three European tournaments.

Howard Porter of Villanova made at least one All-America team as a sophomore and several as a junior. A natural forward at 6-8 and 215 pounds, he has averaged 22 points and 15 rebounds over the past two seasons. He's an exceptional ballhandler for his size, and the pros list him as one of the top three senior forwards because of his great potential.

Had we selected our centers for their professional potential, we might have moved seven-foot Elmo Smith of little Kentucky State to the second team and switched Jim McDaniels of Western Kentucky to forward. But McDaniels, a thin, well-coordinated seven-footer himself, is a legitimate center in college ball and has the statistics to prove it. He averaged 28.6 points as a junior, often by roaming outside the key to pop his deadly jumper. But McDaniels stayed underneath the basket often enough to pull down 14 rebounds a game, too.

Utah's Mike Newlin was described by one midwest coach as "a bit flakey." A southern coach we talked to called him "somewhat kooky." The two coaches also agreed on one other thing: "He's great." Newlin averaged 21.6 and 26.0 ppg the past two seasons and connected on 87 percent of his free throws.

"He has size, strength, and he works like the devil," says Bob Ferry, Baltimore Bullet head scout.

Southern Cal's Paul Westphal was ranked among the best guards on the West Coast last season as a sophomore, despite his relatively low 14.5 scoring average. "He was explosive underneath the basket and he scored on tough off balance shots," said Oregon coach Steve Belko, "plus he did all the other things well."

Sorting through the rest of the forwards for the two third-team positions is no easy task, because there are so many good ones around. But the edge goes to Colorado's Cliff Meely and Utah State's Marv Roberts. The two seniors both have had strong back-to-back varsity seasons and all-round performances. Both are outstanding prospects.

Meely was the Big Eight's Player of the Year as a sophomore and all-conference as a junior. The sturdy 6-8 Chicagoan can play any position. His coach, Russell (Sox) Walseth, says, "He is the most complete player I ever coached." Roberts was sixth in the nation in scoring as a sophomore (27.6 ppg.), and averaged 22.4 points per game last year.

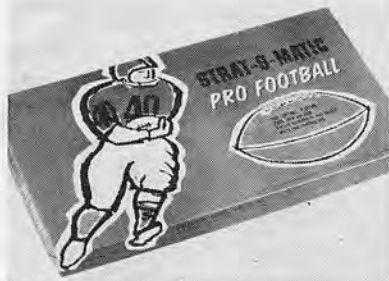
Like McDaniels, Georgia Tech's Rich Yunkus will surely be moved to forward in pro ball because of his deft scoring touch. But Tech needs him in the hole, where he averaged 24.1 as a sophomore and 30.1 last season. "Yunkus shoots you right out of the game," says Joe Williams. Yunkus scored 38 points in a game against UCLA and against Florida State he outscored All-America Dave Cowens, 41-13, while matching him in rebounds.

Guards Henry Bibby of UCLA and Billy Shepherd of Butler are only juniors. But Bibby already fits into the long tradition of great Bruin guards. While he didn't score much, one coach said, "He got them on the scoreboard when they needed it and he played great defense."

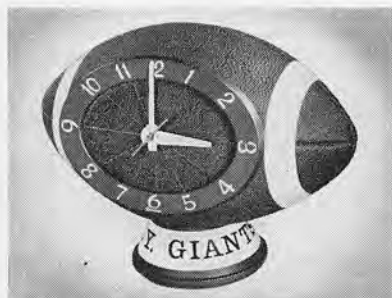
Shepherd is only 5-10 but he can find the basket from any distance. "He was the best shooter in the 30-to-35-foot range that we saw last season," said Indiana interim coach Jerry Oliver. Shepherd averaged 27.8 as a sophomore. And his coach, George Theofanis, has stated he believes Shepherd is even a better passer than scorer. ■

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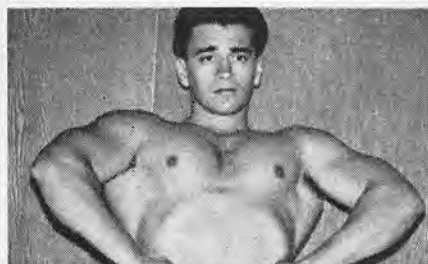


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THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO SEE HAPPEN IN '71

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Entering the second year of the big "sports decade," here are some of the things we'd like to see happen in 1971, to keep the decade rolling on high:

A pro football team with the guts to draft "little" Joe Theismann as a quarterback, and quick pro successes to all the other senior quarterbacks, especially to NCAA record-breaker Jim Plunkett . . . The Joe Frazier-Muhammad Ali fight to come off as scheduled, and live up to everyone's expectations . . . Stabilization of baseball's major leagues, with all teams staying put . . . The emergence of Pete Maravich as a professional basketball player and not just a drawing card . . . Continued success to Bobby Orr in his drive to become the greatest player of all time, and at least another satisfactory season for Gordie Howe . . . A championship three-year-old thoroughbred with a name people can remember, and a reputation to go with the name . . . Hiring of the major leagues' first black manager (our choice: Frank Robinson) . . . A complete comeback for Jim Ryun if that's what he wants . . . Two golfers to become in the 1970s what Arnold Palmer and Jack Nicklaus were to the 1960s . . . A Bill Russell-like center for the Boston Celtics . . . A return to 20-game form for nice-guy Tom Seaver—and continued Cy Young form for baseball's best pitcher, Bob Gibson . . . Another perfect recovery from knee surgery for Gale Sayers as well as all the other knee victims of 1970 . . . The acceptance of SPORT's plan for baseball's divisional playoffs (night games during the week, day games on the weekend and a criss-crossing of the leagues—National League East vs. American League West, and vice-versa) . . . Strong and concerted action against drugs in sports, before it becomes a national scandal . . . A resolution of the feud between the USLTA and the contract professional tennis players . . . A college other than UCLA to win the NCAA basketball championship—just for a change, Mr. Wooden? . . . Not one fatality in auto racing . . . A stronger American Basketball Association . . . Another big year for Willie Mays as he tries to close in on Babe Ruth's lifetime home run record . . . Jim Bouton's second book to be just as good as "Ball Four" . . . Unbeaten football seasons for Wichita State and Marshall as memorials

to the members killed in those plane crashes . . . Big years for Richie Allen as a Dodger, Curt Flood and Denny McLain as Senators, and Tony Conigliaro as an Angel (a what?) . . . The Stanley Cup finals to become competitive once more . . . A new coiffure for Joe Pepitone and, while he's at it, a new image . . . Increased understanding between the university—especially its athletic department—and the black athlete . . . Monday night NBA network basketball games, as a follow-up to pro football's highly successful Monday night games . . . A turnaround sophomore year for the Steelers' Terry Bradshaw . . . Another grand slam for Margaret Court, in tennis, but with strong competition from Billie Jean King, and maybe a grand slam for Arthur Ashe, too . . . Full health for Joe Louis . . . A better year in Washington for Ted Williams, and his statistician, David Eisenhower . . . The retirement of George Halas and a new ownership for the decaying Chicago Bears' franchise . . . Continued excellence of performances to veterans Hank Aaron and Roberto Clemente . . . A sudden death finish to the 1971 Super Bowl . . . The development of George Foreman to the point where he is ready to challenge for the heavyweight championship by the end of the year . . . True appreciation for Howard Cosell, a vain but tough-minded sports commentator in a profession that badly needs tough-mindedness . . . A bright new generation of American track and field stars to come on this summer in preparation for the 1972 Olympics . . . A championship team in some sport for the city of Philadelphia . . . A big year in football for Joe Namath and then a big movie career . . . A turnabout for Reggie Jackson, and a new life out of sports for Charles O. Finley . . . Soccer to continue its growth in the U.S., especially in schools and colleges . . . Clear-cut and unconditional peace between the NCAA and the AAU . . . Political growth for new congressman Jack Kemp . . . Women's tennis and women's golf to keep up with women's lib . . . Luck to Billy Martin at Detroit in creating a team that will give the Orioles some competition . . . Complete recovery from his war wounds for the Steelers' Rocky Bleier, and no more wounds for anybody in Vietnam.

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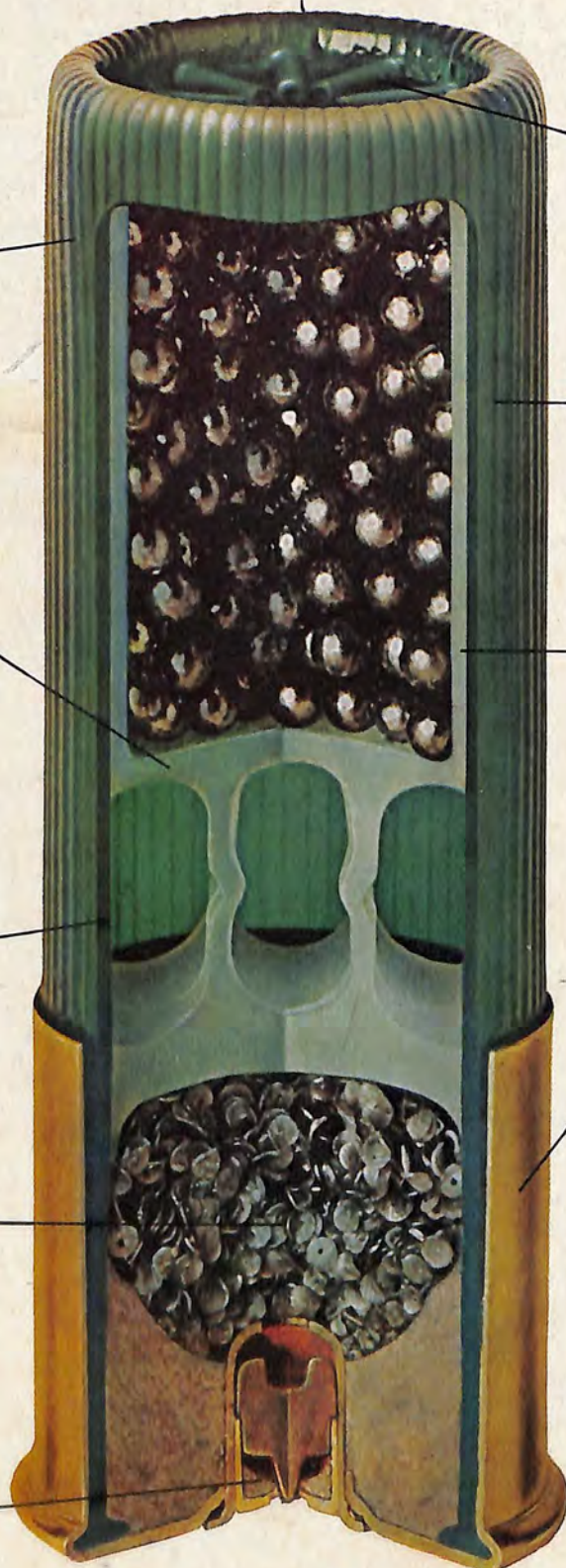
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